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JUL 16 1946

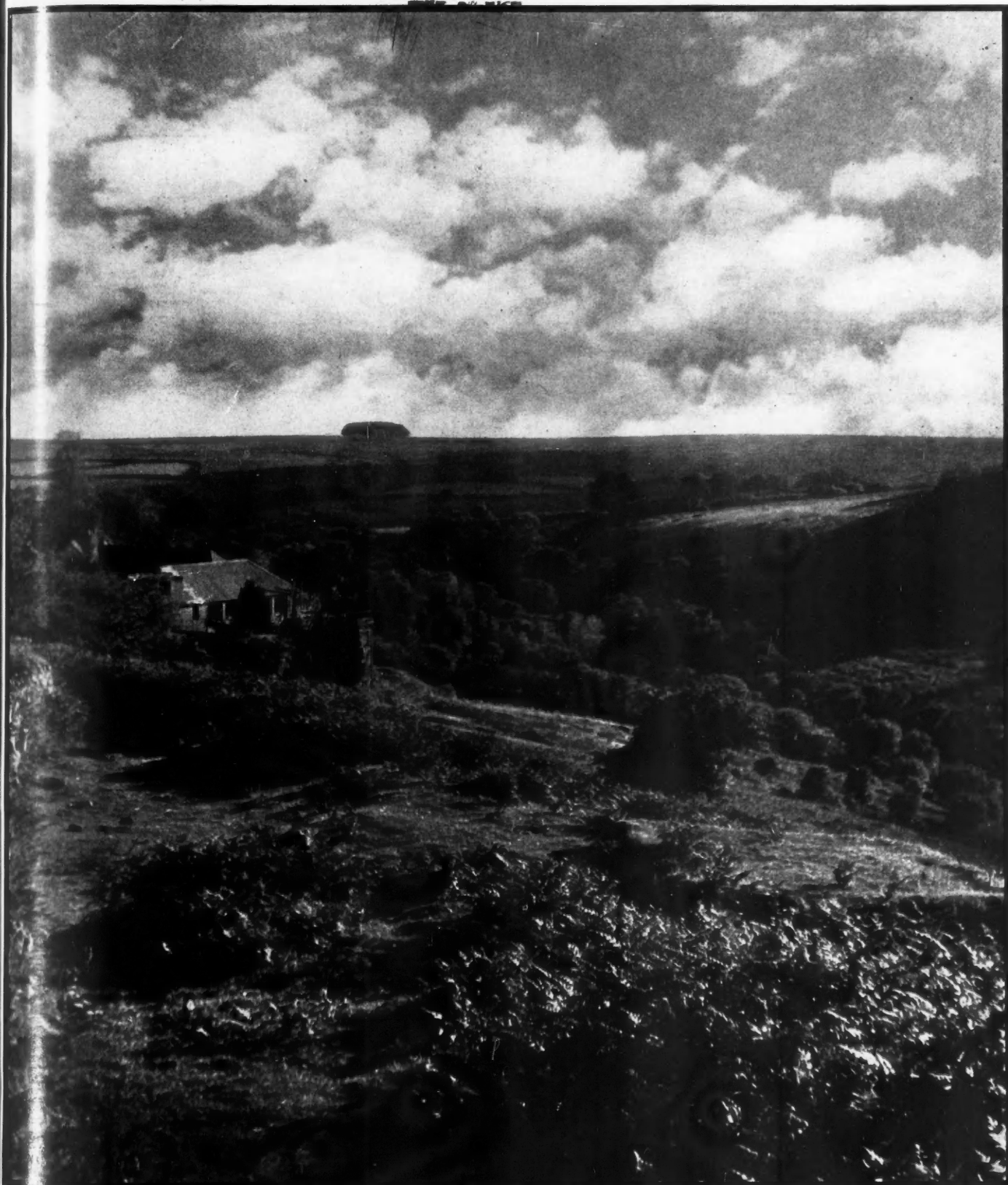
COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

JUNE 21, 1946

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45, Asmus Place, N.W.11.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS
ADVERTISING PAGE 1118

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX No. 2579

JUNE 21, 1946

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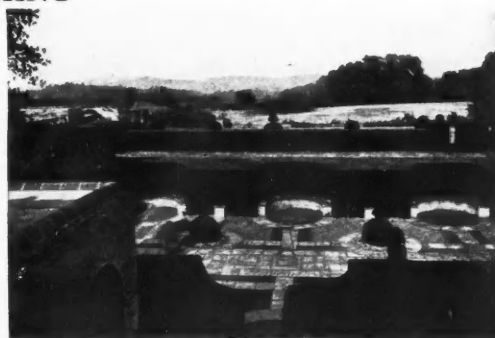
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FREEHOLD, WITH VACANT POSSESSION

Particulars and Conditions of Sale of the lovely and dignified SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of **UPDOWN HILL HOUSE**. A COMFORTABLE QUEEN ANNE STYLE RESIDENCE.

Modernised, in perfect condition and ready for immediate occupation, with 3 reception rooms, sun room, twelve bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, efficient domestic offices. Central heating, main electricity and water. Septic tank drainage. Standing in exquisite and well matured garden and grounds. Occupying a southern slope with fine rhododendron walks and sheltered by the surrounding woodland of tall pine trees. LODGE. 2 COTTAGES. GARAGES. The whole having a total area of **33 ACRES** or thereabouts.



Will be offered for SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) at the Property on Tuesday, July 16, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316-7). Solicitors: Messrs. TROWER, STILL & KEELING, 5, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2 (Holborn 3613).

AUCTION. JULY 17.

THORNHILL, STALBRIDGE, DORSET

Fine Queen Anne House, dairy farm, home farm, 6 cottages, lodges. Valuable timber. In all about **265 ACRES**.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Hendford, Yeovil (Tel.: 1066).

AUCTION. JULY 29.

HOME FARM, MINETY, WILTS

Fertile Dairy Farm of 66 Acres. Elizabethan Farmhouse, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, good buildings. Main water.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel.: 334).

AUCTION. JULY 25.

By direction of Lieut.-Col. R. J. Longfield.

THE CHALFONTS, WHITE ROSE LANE, WOKING

Well-appointed Modern Residence. Hall, 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, garage, garden, about **1 ACRE**.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

AUCTION. JULY 30.

By direction of Mrs. T. M. R. Horsfall.

LITTLEWORTH CROSS, NEAR SEALE, SURREY

Modern Elizabethan-style Residence. Hall, 3 reception, billiards room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 servants' rooms. Main electric light and water, central heating. Garages and stables, 2 cottages. Lovely garden. **17½ ACRES**.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1.

AUCTION. JUNE 29.

By direction of F. N. Gee, Esq.

CORNHILL, PATTISHALL, NORTHANTS

Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property. 4 reception, 16 bedrooms, nurseries, 4 bathrooms. 4 cottages. Home farm. **166 ACRES**.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel.: 2615-6).

AUCTION. JULY 10.

THE CEDARS, GLENFIELD

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Company's services. Charming garden with hard and grass tennis courts. **8 ACRES**.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton (Tel.: 2615-6).

AUCTION. JULY 29.

LOWER MOOR, OAKSEY, WILTS

Gentleman's Pasture Farm of 125 Acres. 17th-Century Modernised House, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2-3 reception rooms. Good range of farm buildings. Secondary residence.

Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS, Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel.: 334).

HERTFORDSHIRE

In lovely country, only half an hour from London. Modernised Country House in perfect condition. Hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 well-fitted bathrooms. Main electric light, central heating. Very compact domestic offices. Lovely wooded grounds. Lodge and 2 cottages. 3 brick built loose boxes (new). Small farmery. In all **76 ACRES**. PRICE **£17,500 WITH VACANT POSSESSION**.

Apply: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Mayfair 3316-7).

By direction of the Trustees for Col. The Hon. and Mrs. Noel.

ANGUS

Dundee 5 miles, Broughty Ferry 2 miles, Forfar 15 miles, Perth 27 miles.



The Ancient and Lovely 15th-Century Manor House of **PITKERRO** on the outskirts of Dundee. Together with the matured gardens, grass parks, cottages, small holdings, valuable accommodation and potential building land, extending in all to approximately **104 ACRES**. In easily accessible country surroundings, and possessing many main road frontages, with main services.

Will be offered for Sale by Auction, first as a whole and if not so sold, then in Lots at The Royal British Hotel, Dundee, on Wednesday, July 17, 1946

at 3 p.m. Solicitors: Messrs. WITHERS & CO., Howard House, 4, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2; Messrs. SHIELL & SMALL, 5, Bank Street, Dundee. Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 15, Bond Street, Leeds (Tel.: 31941-2).

By direction of Major Trevor Price.

In a favourite part of the Cotswolds.

THE OLD HOUSE, CALMSDEN

Near Cirencester.

A GENUINE SMALL COTSWOLD MANOR

Three reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, compact offices, garage, stabling for 5. Small gardens. Central heating. Main electricity. First-rate water supply.



To be offered for SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) by Messrs. JACKSON STOPS at the Old Council Chambers, Castle Street, Cirencester, on Monday, July 8, 1946, at 3 p.m. Solicitors: Messrs. BEWELL, RAWLINS & PERKINS, Cirencester.

Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1



TAUNTON 8 MILES

Close to a village. On high ground amidst lovely country.

A VERY WELL-FITTED COUNTRY HOUSE

In excellent decorative order throughout. 10 bedrooms with nurseries, 8 bathrooms, hall and 3 reception rooms. Main electricity. Central heating. Garage, etc. Delightful grounds with walled garden, swimming pool, etc., on an estate of

60 ACRES.

TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR TWO YEARS

Some staff available.

Apply: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.

SUSSEX

Station nearby. London 40 miles. On high ground in delightful surroundings.

A GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

7 best bedrooms, 8 staff bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall and 4 well-proportioned reception rooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Stabling. Garages. Well-timbered grounds and parkland.

FOR SALE WITH 40 ACRES

PRICE £20,000

View by order of WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.



KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

OXFORDSHIRE

CENTRE OF THE OLD BERKSHIRE HUNT
2 miles station. 16 miles Oxford. Excellent train service to London



Attractive old Tudor Manor House with additions of the Georgian period, soundly constructed of stone, with stone slate roof.

In excellent order and approached by a carriage drive. Hall, 4 reception, 7 best bed and dressing, 4 bathrooms. Company's electric light and power. Main water. Gas laid on throughout. Independent hot water. Central heating. Garages, stabling, cottage.

Well-timbered grounds with well-stocked kitchen garden and fruit trees.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD. POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT
Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. 6323

LANCASHIRE

800 feet above sea level and close to open country. One mile Colne Station. On bus route to the principal Lancashire towns.

The Freehold Residential Property

MOORLANDS, FOULRIDGE, NR. COLNE

The Residence, stone built and slated, stands high with extensive views. It contains vestibule with cloak room, hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms and complete offices, including cellars. Main gas. Private water supply. (Main water and electricity within about 200 yards.) Garage, stabling and out-buildings, with rooms over.

Finely Timbered Grounds

with lawn and shrubbery gardens and kitchen garden. Cottage and farm buildings. Accommodation grass land with quarry.

IN ALL ABOUT 12½ ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION OF THE HOUSE AND GARDENS

For Sale by Auction at Colne, July 24 next
(unless previously sold privately)

Solicitors: Messrs. Marshall & Hicks Beach, 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.
Auctioneers: Messrs. D. BERRY & SONS, Dockray Street, Colne, and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

Mayfr 3771
(10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

SURREY-SUSSEX BORDERS

Situated on the outskirts of East Grinstead
The Freehold Agricultural and Sporting

GREATER FELCOURT ESTATE ABOUT 481 ACRES

Including 3 Farms, 2 with model buildings

Two pairs of cottages, detached cottage, bungalow, and extensive woodlands. Two farms are let and produce a gross rental of £320 p.a., and one will be sold with Vacant Possession, Michaelmas, 1946.

The woodland (includes valuable timber) is in hand

This estate should appeal to those who require a sporting property within easy reach of London, with prospects of considerable increase in capital value.

For Sale Privately, or may be offered by Auction later.

Particulars from Messrs. TURNER, RUDGE & TURNER, 20, High Street, East Grinstead, or Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS

ABINGDON 2½ MILES. DIDCOT 4. OXFORD 8.

Delightful position on the fringe of a picturesque village

HISTORICAL ABBEY

Residence (14th century), containing great hall, minstrels' gallery, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, central heating (thermostatic controlled). Electric light. Septic tank drainage. Two cottages. Garages.

River frontage with two Boat Houses

Secluded pleasure grounds with fine old trees, lawns, flower beds, herbaceous borders, rose garden.



Kitchen garden with greenhouse and peach house.

ABOUT 7 ACRES. FREEHOLD. VACANT POSSESSION
Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (1575)

Telegrams:
"Galleries, Wsdo, London."

Regent 0293/3377
Reading 4441

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1: 1, STATION ROAD, READING

Telegrams:

"Nichenyer, Piccy, London"
"Nicholas, Reading"

By direction of Brig.-Gen. J. T. Wigan, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

DANBURY PARK, NEAR CHELMSFORD, ESSEX

Just over 30 miles of London.

One of the most beautiful Residential Properties in the Home Counties.

23 bed and dressing rooms, arranged in suites, 7 bathrooms, 6 finely proportioned entertaining apartments and complete domestic offices. Central heating. Companies' electric light and water. Stabling. Garages. Model Home Farm. Bailiff's House and several cottages. The well-known exquisite gardens with lakes and finely timbered park.

The whole containing **282 ACRES** is in hand and vacant possession will be given on completion.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION LATER

MESSRS. NICHOLAS, 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.



OXFORD
4637/8

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD AND CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING
NORTON
39

TO BE LET FURNISHED

INVERNESS-SHIRE

Beauly 1 mile, Inverness 12 miles.

A COMFORTABLE, WELL-BUILT, LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE

3 reception rooms, 8 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. "Aga" cooker.

ELECTRICITY ON GRID. CENTRAL HEATING.

For further details, apply to JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

IN THE HEYTHROP HUNT

Banbury 10 miles.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL STONE-BUILT COUNTRY RESIDENCE

3 sitting rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom. Electricity, ample water supply. Partial central heating. Telephone. Stabling and garage. Cottage.

Gardens and several enclosures of pastureland, **IN ALL ABOUT 20 ACRES.**

Vacant Possession upon Completion.

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,000
(open to offer).

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

Under instructions from the Governing Body of Christ Church, Oxford.

GRANGE FARM, SAUNDERTON, BUCKS

Between Princes Risborough and High Wycombe.

Announcement of Sale of the

SMALL TITHE-FREE RESIDENTIAL FARM

including an attractive old half-timbered brick-built and tiled farmhouse containing 2 sitting rooms, domestic offices, 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.) and W.C. Main water supply. Ample farm buildings. 2 modern cottages.

TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE BY AUCTION

WITH 69, 146 AND 227 ACRES

(unless sold privately meanwhile)

at the Guild Hall, High Wycombe on Friday, June 28, 1946, at 3 o'clock.

Particulars, plans and conditions of sale may be obtained from the Solicitors: Messrs. FARRER & Co., 66, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2, or from the Auctioneers: 16, King Edward Street, Oxford (Tel. Nos. 4637/8).



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

Regent 8222 (15 lines)

Telegrams: "Selaniet, Picoy, London"



BERKSHIRE

Choice position on high ground within 6 miles of Reading.
THE ARBORFIELD COURT ESTATE



Solicitors: Messrs. FOYER WHITE & PRESCOTT, 8, Lygon Place, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1. Illustrated particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. HASLAM & SON, Friar Street Chambers, Reading (Phone 4525): HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1 (Regent 8222).

SUFFOLK

Only 1½ miles from town centre and railway station of Woodbridge.



For Sale by Auction at the Crown & Anchor Hotel, Ipswich, on Tuesday, July 9 next, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. HALSEY LIGHTLY & HEMSLEY, 32, St. James's Place, St. James's Street, S.W.1. Particulars (2/6) from Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1 (Regent 8222), in conjunction with ROBERT BOND & SONS, Butter Market, Ipswich.

of about 238 ACRES, comprising a modern house in the Queen Anne style, 4 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 4 baths. Garage, stabling, 5 cottages. Walled gardens and park-like meadow land. Two excellent farms known as Bartlett's and Ducknest (both let). To be offered for Sale by Auction as a whole or in 4 lots at the Masonic Hall, Grey Friars Road, Reading, on Thursday, July 4, 1946, at 3 p.m. (unless sold by private treaty meanwhile).

A very choice small Residential and Agricultural Estate known as

BREDFIELD HOUSE

Fine Georgian Residence with Elizabethan nucleus of 7 principal bedrooms, 5 reception rooms, 4 bathrooms. Park. Garage. Stabling. Splendid ornamental and kitchen gardens. Lodge and 17 cottages. HOME FARM with good farm house, excellent buildings and rich level land. In all over 200 Acres.

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (WIM. 0081) BISHOP'S STORTFORD (243)

By direction of the Rt. Hon. Baron Sinclair, M.V.O.

BERWICKSHIRE

1½ miles from Duns, 7½ miles from Coldstream and less than 15 miles from Berwick-on-Tweed.

The Valuable Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property NISBET HOUSE ESTATE, DUNS

The fine old Border Residence with park, lodge, cottages, garages and stabling. 3 noted pedigree stock farms of 511, 520 and 318 acres respectively.

IN ALL 1,518 ACRES

Shooting, trout fishing.

Vacant Possession of the Residence and Sporting Rights. The remainder is let and the whole estate produces an estimated and actual rental of £2,122 per annum.

By Auction as a whole or in 4 Lots in July, 1946, at the Corn Exchange, Berwick-on-Tweed.

Land Agent: G. E. INGMAN, Esq., F.A.I., Park Estate Office, Pontypool, Mon. Solicitors: Messrs. SCOTT MONCRIEFF & TRAIL, 28, Rutland Square, Edinburgh. Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1 (Regent 8222).

WEST SUSSEX

In a rural and peaceful position adjoining beautiful commons and enjoying views of Hindhead and the South Downs.

BROWNS COPE, HEYSHOTT, NR. MIDHURST

A Freehold Woodland Property of individuality in character on 2 floors only. Approached by drive and containing: Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices. Company's electric light and water. Telephone. Septic tank drainage. Model cottage. Garage for 3, outbuildings. Inexpensive gardens, kitchen garden and mixed woodland with masses of rhododendrons, the whole extending to

JUST OVER 16 ACRES

WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

FOR SALE BY AUCTION ON THE PREMISES

on Tuesday, June 25 next, at 12 noon (unless sold privately beforehand).

To be followed by the sale of the furniture.

Solicitors: Messrs. KENNETH BROWN, BAKER BAKER, Essex House, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2. Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: G. KNIGHT & SONS, Midhurst, Sussex (Midhurst 14), and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1 (Regent 8222).

SUNNINGHILL,
BERKS

MRS. N. C. TUFNELL, F.V.A.

ASCOT 818

WINKFIELD, Nr. WINDSOR FOREST

Windsor 7 miles. Bracknell 3 miles.

ATTRACTIVE SMALL TUDOR FARMHOUSE



with 34 ACRES OF FARMING LAND (more available if required).

PRICE FREEHOLD, £8,000

recently redecorated, and in excellent order.

3 Bedrooms.
1 Bathroom.
2 Reception Rooms.

Co.'s Services. Modern Drainage.

GARAGE for 2 cars. Substantial range of Outbuildings including LARGE BARN, Grain Store, etc.,

BERKSHIRE

1 mile from Ascot Station. Close to the Royal Berkshire, Swinley and other Golf Courses Near to the Race Course.

WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

having lattice windows and gabled roof, in pleasant wooded surroundings.

6 bedrooms; 2 bathrooms; 3 reception rooms. Good offices.

GARAGE and STABLING with a 3-roomed FLAT over. Together with

4¾ ACRES OF GARDENS AND GROUNDS

PRICE £4,000

ALFRED J. BURROWS, CLEMENTS, WINCH & SONS
ASHFORD, KENT. Telephone: 327

**FOR SALE OR TO BE LET UNFURNISHED
KENT**

3 miles from Tonbridge

A MODERN COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION

containing 4 reception, billiard and gun rooms, 6 principal, 4 secondary, 6 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Estate water supply, main electricity, septic tank drainage.

GROUNDS, ORNAMENTAL WOODLAND UP TO 44 ACRES

KENT

7 miles from the county town of Maidstone.

A WELL-KNOWN COUNTY RESIDENCE OF EARLY QUEEN ANNE DESIGN

containing 3 reception, 14 principal and secondary bedrooms, complete domestic offices.

GOOD WATER SUPPLY. ELECTRICITY. CENTRAL HEATING. Gardener's house. Natural gardens and grounds 9½ ACRES. Additional land can be had by arrangement.

Particulars of the above from ALFRED J. BURROWS, CLEMENTS, WINCH & SONS, Ashford, Kent.

HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE BY AUCTION WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE RESIDENCE, ONE COTTAGE AND 7 ACRES



ATTRACTIVE WELL-BUILT FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE

In pleasant situation about 3 miles north of the market town of Andover

The accommodation comprises: Lounge hall, cloakroom, drawing room, dining room, library, excellent domestic offices, 6 principal bedrooms, 3 subsidiary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electricity, central heating.

The farm buildings, ONE COTTAGE and 29 ACRES of land are at present let. To be SOLD BY AUCTION at the GUILDHALL, ANDOVER, HAMPSHIRE on MONDAY, JULY 15, at 3 p.m.

Further particulars (price Three pence) and orders to view from the Auctioneers:

ALLAN HERBERT & SON

Market Place, Andover, Hants (Tel: 2102).

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

NEAR WINCHESTER

Occupying a splendid position 300 ft. above sea level, commanding delightful views over the Itchen valley.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

with hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity, gas and water.

Bungalow (4 rooms). Stabling. Garage.

Delightful gardens, including terraces, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.

ABOUT 7½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £6,500

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,515)

ASSTEAD, SURREY

Occupying a choice position adjoining and overlooking the cricket ground, within easy reach of the station with its excellent train service to Town.

AN ATTRACTIVE UP-TO-DATE HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom. All main services. Garage.

Furnished well-timbered grounds with tennis and other lawns, herbaceous borders, well-stocked kitchen gardens, etc., in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

OR SALE FREEHOLD EARLY POSSESSION

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,686)

HERTS (4 Miles Berkhamsted)

Occupying a fine position in unspoilt country, some 500 feet above sea level and commanding delightful views.



A PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE

Approached by a Drive with Entrance Lodge.

3-4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, COMPANY'S WATER AND GAS.

TWO COTTAGES, GARAGE, NUMEROUS OUT-BUILDINGS.

The grounds are matured and inexpensive to maintain; they include lawns with room for two tennis courts, garden and playroom, flower beds and borders, kitchen garden, orchard, etc., in all ABOUT 6 ACRES.

Price Freehold £8,500. Vacant Possession.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,679)

CUMBERLAND

In the beautiful West Water area of the Lake District.

THE REMAINING PORTIONS OF THE IRTON

HALL ESTATE comprising

Three capital farms, small country residence, several cottages, extensive woodland and accommodation lands.

About 2½ miles of Salmon and Trout Fishing in the River Irt.

The whole extending to about 926 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction in 21 Lots at THE PARISH HALL, DRIGG, on TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1946, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Solicitors: Messrs. ERNEST G. SCOTT & Co., 31-2, Broad Street Avenue, Blomfield Street, E.C.2.

Auctioneers: Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER, 28b, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

SURREY—SUSSEX BORDERS

20 miles from coast. Excellent main line electric train service to City and West End.

A CHARMING MINIATURE ESTATE IN HEART OF LOVELY COUNTRY

300 ft. up with extensive views to the south. A perfect home with Georgian features. 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms and games or billiards room. Compact domestic offices. Central heating. Main electricity and water. 3 excellent cottages. Modern garage. Stabling for 6. Old-established pleasure grounds with beautiful timbered trees and conifers, masses of rhododendrons. Partly walled kitchen garden, orchard, parkland and paddocks in all about

42 ACRES FREEHOLD FOR SALE
VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

Certain items of furniture, carpets, soft furnishings, etc. garden tools equipment can be taken over at valuation. Sole Agents: Messrs. BERNARD THORPE & PARTNERS, 32, Millbank, S.W.1 (Tel.: Victoria 3012), or Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1 (Tel.: Grosvenor 1032).



Many thousands of pounds were spent on this property immediately prior to the war and is in excellent order throughout. The house and grounds, owing to its unique size and character, are inexpensive to maintain.

Grosvenor 2838
(2 lines)

TURNER LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:
Turloran, Audley, London.

A RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION

ENGLEFIELD GREEN

On the borders of Surrey and Berkshire in the midst of its finely timbered grounds. Wide avenue approach. Lodge. Adjoining and with beautiful views over

WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Eight principal bed and dressing rooms in suites, 5 secondary bedrooms, 7 bathrooms, servants' rooms, 4 reception rooms, halls, cloak rooms, modern domestic offices. Main water, electricity, and drainage, central heating. Beautiful grounds, stream, tennis lawns, wooded glades, swimming pool, pergola, walled kitchen garden, in all ABOUT 25 ACRES. Garages for 8 or 9 cars. Laundry premises with staff rooms. Fine block of polo pony stabling, hack stables, grooms' rooms. Cottage residence. Other cottages, chauffeur's quarters, etc.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Joint Sole Agents and Auctioneers: Messrs. BIDWELL & SONS, 2, King's Parade, Cambridge, and 49, St. James's Street, S.W.1. and Messrs. TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.1. Grosvenor 2838 (2 lines). Telegrams: Turloran, Audley, London.

WEST SURREY

Easy reach London. Bagshot 2½, Woking 6 miles.

2 DRIVES, LODGE. COTTAGE. 300 FEET UP

Ten bedrooms (h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, central heating, main electricity and water.

22 ACRES

TENNIS COURTS. KITCHEN GARDEN. PINE AND SILVER BIRCH WOODLAND.

FREEHOLD £12,000

VACANT POSSESSION.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, W.1 (Grosvenor 2838).

184, BROMPTON ROAD,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington
0152-3

NEAR SALISBURY. 350 ACRES

Gentleman's highly attractive Residential, Sporting and Agricultural Estate.

JUST AVAILABLE after 25 years' ownership, including 220 ACRES valuable woods and excellent stock land. Charming Residence, 2 large reception, 6 bedrooms (h. and c. basins), 2 bathrooms, electric light. Favourite district, 80 miles London. For sale, lock stock and barrel, with early possession.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Tel.: Ken. 0152).



Just offered.

PAIGNTON, DEVON

In lovely country 2 miles from the town. Facing south overlooking orchards and farmlands.

Charming House of character, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath. Main electricity and every convenience. Standing in gardens. ½ ACRE. Further land might be had.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD £5,000

Quick inspection advisable.

QUITE UNIQUE. NEAR YEOVIL GENTLEMAN'S MOST ATTRACTIVE AND VALUABLE RESIDENTIAL FARM 30 ACRES richest grass, entirely self-supporting. Charming Stone House, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bath. Main electric light and water. Model buildings. All in excellent condition and in full running trim. Just the size and quality now so much in demand. FREEHOLD either with or without the stock and equipment. Good price but worth it. Great scarcity of such a choice little estate, and should be seen at once.

Sole Agents: BENTALL, HORSLEY AND BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3 (Tel.: Ken. 0152).

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Halkin St.,
Belgrave Sq.,
and 68, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE CROSSWAYS, COBHAM

Edge of Oxshott Heath and Fairmile Common. Frequent Southern Electric service to Waterloo.



Well-built modern Residence in lovely secluded position. Ideal for business man. 7 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and water. Modern drainage.

GARAGES, STABLING, COTTAGE.

Delightful gardens with pond, small paddock and woodland in all about 6 ACRES

For Sale with possession of the whole by Auction in July by the Joint Auctioneers: CLARKE GAMMON & EMERYS, 71, High Street, Guildford (Tel. 2266); or GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.

SUSSEX

Grand Position with Wonderful Views

11 miles from Eastbourne.

Delightful OLD MANOR HOUSE

having well-proportioned, and not low, rooms, the old period features and timber-work having been displayed in a delightful manner. 9 or 11 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, fine lounge (28 ft. by 17 ft.), 3 other sitting rooms. Central heating, electricity, ample water. A fine old barn (accommodates 5 or 6 cars). Cottage. OLD-WORLD GARDENS. Tennis court. Pretty woods.

PRICE £12,000

Personally inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.



Two small lakes. Orchard and paddocks of 30 ACRES. FURNITURE AT VALUATION IF DESIRED

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1

(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR W.1

(Regent 4685)

BROOK HOUSE, WOOBURN GREEN, BUCKS



Situate 1 mile from Bourne End Station and the River Thames, in very fine grounds and paddocks of 14 ACRES.

The Residence is approached by a finely timbered drive and contains: Large panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.

ALL ON TWO FLOORS ONLY.

Garage for 4 cars, stabling, cowsheds, etc. Lovely gardens, lawns, rockeries, walled kitchen garden.

THREE REALLY GOOD COTTAGES

Companies' electric light and water. Very efficient central heating.

For Sale by Auction during July (unless previously sold).

Auctioneers: MAPLE & Co., LTD., 5, Grafton Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Tel.: Regent 4685.



THE ESTATE HOUSE
MAIDENHEAD

CYRIL JONES

F.A.I., F.V.A.

Maidenhead
2033/4

ROYAL BERKS—CENTRE GARTH HUNT



REMARKABLY ATTRACTIVE PERIOD RESIDENCE ENLARGED FROM A FARMHOUSE

Six bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception, cloaks (h. and c.), basins in bedrooms, central heating, electricity. Garage, stabling, 2 cottages, courtyard, farmery. 3 acres pleasure gardens, farmlands, lake and stream, in all

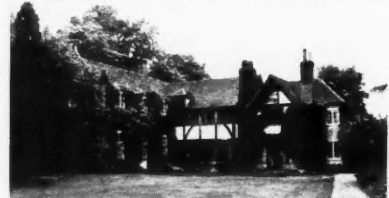
ABOUT 57 ACRES.

The whole comprising a most delightful small Sporting Estate.

For Sale Privately or by Public Auction in July

Sole Agent: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., as above.

Delightful BERKSHIRE MANOR HOUSE OF QUEEN ANNE AND TUDOR PERIODS



5 principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 principal bathrooms, 3 maids' rooms and maids' bathroom.

Galleried lounge hall and 3 reception rooms.

Gardener's Cottage. Stabling. Garage. Second Cottage close by. Central heating, electricity, telephone. IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER THROUGHOUT.

Old English gardens and grounds of FIVE ACRES.

PRIVATELY AVAILABLE AND VERY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED. For price and further details apply: CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., as above.

S. W. SANDERS,
F.V.A.

SANDERS'
MARKET PLACE, SIDMOUTH

T. S. SANDERS,
F.V.A.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE QUANTOCKS

4½ miles Taunton.

Cream stucco, with tiled roof. A delightful modernised Country Cottage with 3 sitting and 3 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with Aga cooker. Garden of about 1 Acre, including well-stocked fruit plantation and small paddock. Large garage and useful outbuildings. Low rates. Early possession. FREEHOLD £3,000.

EAST DEVON

In the Axe Valley, commanding fine open views.

Attractive thatched Country Residence with lounge hall and 2 other sitting rooms, cloakroom, maids' sitting room, kitchen with electric cooker, good offices, 4 bed and 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, main electricity, medium sized garden. Immediate possession. (Good fishing.) FREEHOLD £6,750.

THE DEMAND FOR GOOD CLASS COUNTRY PROPERTIES IS INSISTENT. We are anxious, at all times, to hear from clients wishing to dispose of houses of character. Inspection made and expert advice given without fee. No charges incurred unless a sale results.

TRESIDDER & CO., 77, South Audley St., W.1

Grosvenor 2861

Telegrams: "Cornishmen. London."

£6,500

3 ACRES

COTTAGE

SOMERSET. 3½ miles Market Town and 16 miles Bath. RESIDENCE OF THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURY, of local stone. Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 7 bedrooms. Main water and electricity, central heating, telephone. Garage for 5 stables for 3. Gardener's cottage. Beautifully timbered grounds, tennis court, kitchen garden and paddock. More land available.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,726)

BUCKS. Iver village. PICTURESQUE 18TH-CENTURY RESIDENCE. Hall, cloakroom, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5-6 bedrooms. All main services. Garage and outbuildings. ¼ ACRE ENCLOSED GARDEN. £6,500 FREEHOLD.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,642)

BERKS, between Reading and Oxford, outskirts old market town. EXCELLENT MODERN HOUSE in first-class condition. Three reception, 2 bath., 5-8 bedrooms (3 suitable staff flat). Main electricity, gas and water. Telephone. Double garage, stabling and rooms (convertible to cottage). Attractive grounds 2½ ACRES with path to river. £6,500. Recommended.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,628)

£5,500

PERIOD HOUSE

WORCS. In lovely Broadway, mile station. Beautiful old stone and tiled GEORGIAN AND TUDOR RESIDENCE. 3 reception, bathroom 6 bed., 4 attic bedrooms. ALL MAIN SERVICES. Delightful walled garden.—TRESIDDER AND Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (22,534)

5, MOUNT ST.
LONDON, W.1

CURTIS & HENSON

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)
Established 1875

HERTS—MIDDLESEX BORDERS

London 16 miles. Near good Golf Courses.

MODERATE SIZED GEORGIAN HOUSE

400 ft. up. Facing south and west.

Eleven bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, 3 finely proportioned reception rooms, main water, electric light, partial central heating. Garages. Stabling. Two cottages. Charming gardens in good order. Picturesque ornamental lake. Park-like pasture and woodland. Farm with good farm buildings.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 12, 60 OR 136 ACRES

Early possession by arrangement.

Owner's Agents: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY

550 feet up. Near golf courses. Epsom Downs 2 miles. 5 mins. station, electrified service, 45 minutes.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

Eight bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 reception rooms, servants' sitting room. Large garage. Main electric light, gas, water and drainage, central heating, independent hot water. Charming gardens, tennis court, swimming pool.

ABOUT 1¼ ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE VACANT POSSESSION

£6,000 WILL SECURE

Personally inspected: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

ON THE SOUTH SLOPE OF THE HOGS BACK

400 feet above sea level with panoramic views. 8 miles from Guildford.

ASCINATING TUDOR REPLICA IN FIRST CLASS ORDER



Erected in 1933 of old materials including linen-fold panelling, the house combines the charm of antiquity with the advantage of all labour-saving conveniences. 5-6 bed, fitted wash-basins, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms. Convenient offices with maids' room. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Woodland terrace gardens, heather and bracken, over **2 ACRES.**

£12,500 INCLUDING FIXTURES, ETC.

F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2481.

IN A LOVELY DEVON VALLEY

A TYPICAL DEVON STONE AND SLATE COTTAGE

Modernised and restored. 500 ft. up in glorious country protected by hill-sides. One mile from the sea between Lynton and Ilfracombe. Three bed, bath, 2 reception. Stone barn and many outbuildings. Garden, grazing land and rough pasture. Intersected throughout by a stream with old stone bridge.



29 ACRES. ONLY £3,650

F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Tel.: Regent 2481

FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

Established 1799

AUCTIONEERS. CHARTERED SURVEYORS. LAND AGENTS.
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:

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FISHERS HILL, HOOK HEATH, WOKING

Adjacent to three Golf Courses.

A LUTYENS HOUSE

13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

Well-arranged domestic offices.

Companies' electric light and water.

Modern drainage.

TWO COTTAGES.



Particulars may be obtained from:

The Solicitors: Messrs. NICHOLSON, FREELAND & SHEPHERD, 46, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1.

The Auctioneers: Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

Garage for three cars.

Well-wooded grounds and kitchen garden, in all
ABOUT 12 ACRES

The **FREEHOLD** will be offered for Sale by Auction by Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO. at The London Auction Mart, 155 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4, on Thursday, July 18, 1946 (unless previously sold privately).

LOUGH BRAY HOUSE, ENNISKERRY, CO. WICKLOW

in unsurpassed scenery in the heart of the Wicklow Mountains.

Two sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 lavatories, good out offices. Containing stables, garage, cow house, kennels, etc. Wired for electric light, good water supply, fine garden. House in grounds occupied by head gamekeeper who could act as caretaker.

On **10 ACRES** plus access to shores of two lakes

COMPRISING ABOUT 90 ACRES

GOOD TROUT FISHING ON BOTH LAKES—BOAT. 12 MILES FROM DUBLIN

To let unfurnished, **£200 PER ANNUM.** Long lease offered if required.

Apply: C. G. HODSON, Powerscourt Estate Office Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow



23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1441

LITTLE HAMPDEN MANOR, GREAT MISSENDEN, BUCKS.

In a lovely situation 600 ft. up on the Chiltern Hills. One hour London.

VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE

SINGULARLY CHARMING
MODERN HOUSE



Long drive, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Main services, central heating. Stabling, garage. Two cottages. Finely timbered gardens, woodland, etc. Vacant possession.

EXCELLENT HOME FARM (let) with good house and buildings. Attractive cottage residence, other cottages, accommodation land, and **VALUABLE WOODLANDS**

ABOUT 393 ACRES

The house would be sold with a small area.

FOR SALE PRIVATELY OR BY AUCTION IN 11 LOTS ON JULY 19.

Sole Agents and Auctioneers: Messrs. PRETTY & ELLIS, Great Missenden and Messrs. WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1

CHINTHURST, SHALFORD

2 miles from Guildford Station.



DELIGHTFUL OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

with finely timbered grounds and paddock. Main services and central heating. Ten bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, lodge and cottage, 2 garages. **FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION WITH 6½ ACRES**

privately or by Auction in July.

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

LAND
AGENTS

RAWLENCE & SQUAREY

CHARTERED
SURVEYORS

Salisbury, Wilts. 6 Ashley Place, S.W.1. Sherborne, Dorset, & Nursling, Southampton

HAMPSHIRE

In an attractive part of the county, occupying an enviable situation commanding magnificent views of the Isle of Wight.



The luxuriously appointed and historical Mansion in the **QUEEN ANNE STYLE** is in first-class order and ready for immediate occupation.

Seven reception rooms, music room, billiards room, 30 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, excellent offices, lift. Stabling, garages, bothy, etc. Main water, electric light, central heating, modern drainage.

Well-timbered gardens and grounds with 4 lakes.

TWO FARMS. Valuable **WOODLAND**, Numerous **COTTAGES** and **SMALL HOUSES**, the whole estate extending to **425 ACRES.**

TO BE SOLD BY PRIVATE TREATY WITH VACANT POSSESSION OF THE MANSION which would be sold with less land if required.

MAIDENHEAD
Tel. 53 & 54
WINDSOR
Tel. 73

GIDDYS

SUNNINGDALE
Tel. Ascot 73 &
SLOUGH
Tel. 20048

QUARRY COURT, MARLOW

High up. Lovely views over the Chilterns.

MODERN RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE

Seven Bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, modern domestic offices with servants' sitting-room. Central heating. Companies' electricity, gas and water.

Excellent lodge. Cottage. Stabling. Garage. Boathouse.

Woodland and pleasure gardens sloping to the River Thames, to which there is about

600 FEET RIVER FRONTAGE, in all about

SIX ACRES

For Sale by Auction at the TOWN HALL, MAIDENHEAD, on **THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1946** (unless sold privately) at 2.30 p.m.

Particulars from GIDDYS, Station Approach, Maidenhead.

JAMES HARRIS & SON

WINCHESTER Tel.: 2451

By order of the Executors.

IN THE TEST VALLEY HAMPSHIRE

4 miles from Andover and 10 from Winchester.

A CHARMING COUNTRY RESIDENCE

delightfully situated in the old-world village of Longparish

"MEADOW LAWN," LONGPARISH

Entrance hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, Company's electricity, garage, stabling, excellent cottage.

1½ Acres

For Sale by Auction, July 26, 1946, with Vacant Possession.

Particulars (price 6d.) from Messrs. SMITH, SON & BARKER, Solicitors, Andover, or Messrs. JAMES HARRIS & SON, Auctioneers, Jewry Chambers, Winchester.

On the Borders of the New Forest, 1½ miles River Test.

HAMPSHIRE

1½ miles from Romsey, 10 from Winchester.

WELL BUILT SMALL MANOR HOUSE

3-4 reception, 5 principal and 3 staff bedrooms, 3 baths, excellent kitchen (Aga and Beeston). COMPANY'S ELECTRICITY AND WATER. Excellent cottage, garage and stabling.

9 Acres

The whole in perfect order.

For Sale by Private Treaty with Possession, or by Auction later.

Particulars from the Agents: JAMES HARRIS & SON, Jewry Chambers, Winchester.

EPSOM, SURREY

Close to the Town and a few minutes' walk of the Racecourse and Downs.
FREEHOLD PROPERTIES

WELL-KNOWN RACING ESTABLISHMENT

SUNNINGHILL, DOWNS AVENUE, EPSOM

WELL APPOINTED MODERN RESIDENCE, twelve bedrooms, four bathrooms, three reception rooms. Central heating. All services. Lodge, 3 new cottages, stud groom's house, also range of **MODEL BRICK-BUILT LOOSE BOXES** for bloodstock.

ST. ANDREWS, DOWNS ROAD

comprising Residence converted into twelve flats.

REQUISITION RENTALS OF £825 PER ANNUM

Also **UPLANDS LODGE**, modern residence, five bedrooms, bathroom, two reception rooms, **LET AT £100 PER ANNUM.**

VALUABLE BUILDING PLOTS in Downs Avenue and Downs Road. **PADDOCK** about five acres, adjoining Downs, with a **BUILDING FRONTAGE** to Treadwell Road. Services available. Also:

LANGLEY BOTTOM FARM

about **149 ACRES.** Cottage and Buildings, well-fenced fields adjoining the Racecourse, valuable **BUILDING FRONTAGE** to the main road.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION

at Winchester House, 100, Old Broad Street, E.C.2, on Wednesday, July 17th, 1946, at 2.30 p.m., by Messrs.

COLLINS & COLLINS

50, BROOK STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1
Solicitors: Messrs. C. J. PARKER & SLOAN, 168/173, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.4.

SUSSEX COAST

In a fold of the Downs, 4 miles from Eastbourne.

FRISTON PLACE, EAST DEAN



THIS LOVELY TUDOR RESIDENCE

of brick, flint, and stone construction, carefully restored and modernised in 1939; original panelling, mural decorations; cheerfully airy rooms; great hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, compact and up-to-date domestic offices. Aga cooker. Central heating: constant hot water. Main electricity, water, and drainage. 7 cottages, garages, stabling, barns, heated greenhouses. (Tudor well house with donkey wheel.)

Well-timbered walled grounds, orchard, plantations, and pasture.

IN ALL 36 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

For illustrated particulars and appointments to view apply Sole Agents:

GORDON PRIOR & GOODWIN

Chartered Surveyors, "Grafton," Chislehurst, Kent. (Imperial 385.)

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Mayfair 6341
(10 lines)

BUCKS. IN THE CHALFONT COUNTRY

1 mile Station, on a bus route.

BARKERS, AMERSHAM COMMON

AN ORIGINAL 17th-CENTURY BRICK AND TILED HOUSE



(mentioned in the official History of the County), beautifully sited and secluded in about 2½ Acres of old Cherry and Apple Orchard

150 yard drive, square hall, 3 good sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, cloakroom, bath-room, etc., also self-contained annexe or cottage (ideal for married couple) of 3 rooms, bath and 2 w.c.s. Main electricity, gas, water, and drains. Central heating throughout. Range of old farm buildings converted into garage, garden room, etc.

Altogether a most delightful Small Property.

For Sale by Auction, unless previously disposed of, in July

Illustrated particulars (price 1/-) from the Sole Agents and Auctioneers: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Vendors' Solicitors: Messrs ARREN, MURTON & Co., 45, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

SURREY, NEAR GUILDFORD

Unsurpassed site near Newlands Corner.

SUPERLATIVE MODERN HOUSE



TOTAL AREA ABOUT 40 ACRES

Recommended by Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 6341. (22,337)

ESSENDON, HERTS

Hatfield 4 miles, Hertford 5 miles, London 35 minutes.
In a favourite unspoilt district on Essendon Hill.



Charming Georgian Residence containing 5 principal and 5 secondary bedrooms, 3 fine reception rooms, 3 bathrooms, ample domestic offices. Main electric light, water and gas. Central heating.

Garage, stabling, farm buildings, 2 cottages, paddocks and woodland, in all about **24 ACRES** with vacant possession.

For Sale privately. Particulars from Joint Sole Agents: Messrs. NORRIS & DUVAL, 106, Fore Street, Hertford; and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (41,966)

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION BETWEEN BANBURY AND WARWICK

Kineton 4 miles, Banbury 9 miles, Leamington Spa 12 miles.
On outskirts of Picturesque Village



**LOVELY STONE-BUILT
TUDOR HOUSE**

in splendid order with 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, lounge, 4 reception rooms, main electricity, central heating, every convenience. Esco cooker. Garage for 3. Excellent loose boxes. Cottage with bathroom, 2 bedrooms, etc.

ABOUT 14 ACRES

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (51,589)

Vacant Possession.

LEATHERHEAD, ADJOINING TYRRELLS WOOD GOLF COURSE



**THIS WELL-EQUIPPED
MODERN HOUSE OF
CHARACTER ON TWO
FLOORS**

Seven bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, labour-saving offices, central heating throughout. Main electric light and water. Lovely natural gardens easily kept in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

PRICE £9,250 FREEHOLD

Particulars from Messrs. CHARLES OSENTON & Co., Leatherhead, Tel. 3001; also Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (22,372)

By order of the Court.

SUSSEX-KENT BORDERS

DOWNASH, FLIMWELL, ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

of **ABOUT 86 ACRES**

with ample farm buildings for pedigree dairy herd of about 40 head. Fine Modern Residence in Tudor Manor style of red brick with mullioned windows. Lodge. Four sitting rooms, 12 bed., 6 bath. Main electricity and central heating. Cottage over garage.

VACANT POSSESSION

of house, grounds, farm buildings and one cottage.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) on Thursday, JULY 25, 1946, at The London Auction Mart, 155, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Particulars from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. BRACKETT & SONS, Tunbridge Wells, and JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (30,879)



HILLS BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND DORKING

One of the loveliest positions in Surrey. On the slope of Pitch Hill.

**UNIQUELY SITED
MODERN STONE-
BUILT HOUSE**

In the style of an Italian Villa with lovely terraced grounds containing flowering shrubs and trees. Hall and dining room combined, 2 reception rooms (one 24 ft. square), billiards or play room, 9-10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Main electricity, gas and water. **CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT.** Basins in most bedrooms. Four-car garage with good flat over.

ABOUT 8 ACRES

Freehold £12,500. Vacant Possession. Ready to walk into.
Sole Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (21,805)



FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

ANDOVER 4½ MILES

MODERN COLONIAL AND GEORGIAN STYLE HOUSE

600 feet up with lovely views to the south and west. Nine bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, panelled hall, 3 reception, modern offices, Aga cooker, central heating, electric light. Hard tennis court. Garage for 3 cars. Two cottages. Attractive garden. Walled kitchen garden, and paddock, in all

ABOUT 14 ACRES

Recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (62,331)



FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

CHERTSEY

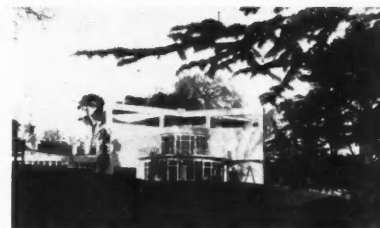
45 minutes from Town.

**UNIQUE ULTRA
MODERN RESIDENCE**

in beautiful old-world setting with glorious panoramic views. Three reception rooms, winter garden, 9 bed and dressing rooms in suites, 4 bathrooms, studio. All main services, central heating. Completely fitted with all modern conveniences. Swimming pool. Studio. Garage for 3 cars. Cottage. Farmhouse and buildings.

For Sale Freehold with 19 or 40 Acres

Particulars from JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (20,136)



BETWEEN MAIDENHEAD AND HENLEY

**THIS LOVELY PART TUDOR AND PART QUEEN ANNE
RESIDENCE**

impeccably appointed and equipped, situated in a choice secluded position. Six principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 servants' bedrooms and bathroom. Main electric light and water. Central heating throughout. Aga cooker. Gardener's cottage and another (let). Garage for 3 cars. Outbuildings. Pleasant tree-studded grounds with yew hedges. Productive kitchen garden.

PRICE FREEHOLD £16,500

Further particulars from JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (10,174)



BOURNEMOUTH:

WILLIAM FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
E. STODDART FOX, P.A.S.I., F.A.I.
H. INSLEY-FOX, P.A.S.I., A.A.I.

FOX & SONS

LAND AGENTS
BOURNEMOUTH—SOUTHAMPTON—BRIGHTON

SOUTHAMPTON:

ANTHONY B. FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
T. BRIAN COX, P.A.S.I., A.A.I.

BRIGHTON:

A. KILVINGTON, F.A.I.-P.A.

DORSET

Of special appeal to the garden lover and those requiring the almost perfect and attractive property on the market at the present time.

The subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE. 2 miles from a good Golf Course, within a short motor run of Bournemouth.

**CHOICE SMALL
RESIDENTIAL
PROPERTY**

unique in character and possessing every modern comfort and convenience with PICTURESQUE NORFOLK REED THATCHED HOUSE containing 4 bedrooms (all fitted basins h. and c.), bathroom, oak-panelled entrance hall and dining room, delightful lounge measuring 24 ft. by 17 ft. 6 ins., loggia, kitchen and complete offices.



For further particulars apply: Messrs. HARRY BREWER & SON, LTD., The Estate Office, West Moors, Dorset; and Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

**FIRST TIME IN THE MARKET FOR MANY YEARS
MID-SUSSEX**

Outskirts Old World Village Ditchling. 1 mile Main Line Station. Glorious Views. Close omnibus route. 8 miles Brighton.



**The Attractive Freehold
Georgian Country
Residence**

**OLDLAND, OCKLEY
LANE, KEYMER**
6 bed and dressing rooms. Bathroom, 3 reception rooms. Billiards room. Compact domestic offices. MAIN ELECTRICITY, TELEPHONE, CENTRAL HEATING, COMPANY'S WATER. Garage. Useful Outbuildings and Stabling. TWO COTTAGES. WELL MAINTAINED GROUNDS AND PADDOCKS, extending to about 6 ACRES.

VACANT POSSESSION with the exception of one cottage. To be Sold by Auction, OLD SHIP HOTEL, BRIGHTON, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1946. Solicitors: Messrs. HENRY CANE & SON, 9, Marlborough Place, Brighton. Auctioneers: FOX & SONS, 117 Western Road, Brighton. Telephones: HOVE 2277 & 7279 (4 lines).

DORSET

Close to the County Boundary and to the borders of Hampshire and Wiltshire. Two miles from Fordingbridge, 12 miles from Salisbury.

**THE ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE
ALDERHOLT LODGE**



of Regency character, situated in a delightful part of the County in charming rural country and having unobstructed extensive views from all parts including the New Forest. Seven bedrooms, fitted bathroom, boxroom, 3 reception rooms, ample domestic offices. Main water. Electricity available. Outbuildings. Productive, well-kept kitchen and pleasure gardens including herbaceous beds, pleasure lawn, rose beds, asparagus bed, soft and hard fruit bushes and trees.

The whole extending to an area of nearly

ONE ACRE

Vacant possession on completion. To be Sold by Auction on the Premises on Wednesday, July 24, 1946 (unless previously sold privately). Solicitors: Messrs. WILSON & SONS, 93, Crane Street, Salisbury. Auctioneers: Messrs. FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

BRANKSOME PARK, BOURNEMOUTH

Occupying a superb position immediately facing the sea in a much sought after residential locality.



Beautifully appointed Freehold Residence complete with every modern convenience and comfort, and commanding sea views from practically every room.

Twelve bedrooms and dressing room, 4 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 teak panelled reception rooms, teak panelled billiards room. Excellent domestic offices.

Garage for 4 cars, greenhouses, vineries, 3 excellent cottages, central heating throughout, h. and c. running water in practically every bedroom. Company's electric light, gas, water, and main drainage.



Delightful gardens and grounds, with secluded woodland walks, paved terraces. Productive fruit and vegetable garden. The whole extends to an area of

ABOUT 10 ACRES

For price and all particulars apply: FOX & SONS, 44-52, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth (Tel.: 6300).

FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-52, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (11 BRANCH OFFICES)
Telephone: Bournemouth 6300 (Five lines)

GORING-BY-SEA, SUSSEX COAST

About 2 miles west of Worthing, 12 miles west of Brighton.

UNINTERRUPTED SEA VIEWS

**DELIGHTFUL
MODERN MARINE
RESIDENCE**

5 bedrooms (fitted basins, h. & c.), 2 tiled bathrooms, 3 fine reception rooms (25 ft. by 13 ft., 23 ft. by 13 ft., 11 ft. by 11 ft.) with oak flooring, cloakroom, well fitted domestic offices.

BRICK GARAGE
PLEASANT GARDEN
CENTRAL HEATING
ALL MAIN SERVICES

**PRICE £8,000
FREEHOLD**

VACANT POSSESSION

OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THOSE SEEKING A MODERN LABOUR-
SAVING RESIDENCE REDECORATED THROUGHOUT, OVERLOOKING THE
SEA AND WITHIN EASY REACH OF STATION ON DIRECT LINE TO LONDON.
Details from FOX & SONS, 117 Western Road, Brighton. Telephone: HOVE 2277 and 7279.



**ON THE FRINGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL
NEW FOREST**

Occupying a magnificent position on high ground and commanding beautiful views from all principal rooms.

For Sale, this soundly constructed Modern Residence

Built under the supervision of a well-known architect and particularly planned to afford the maximum of sunshine obtainable. 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, boxroom, lounge hall, lounge 37 ft. 9 in. by 20 ft., dining room, study, cloak room, excellent domestic offices. Co's electricity. Main water. Esse cooker. Garage for 4 cars. Stabling, kennels. Fine brick terrace forming veritable sun trap. Tastefully laid-out gardens and grounds comprising formal rose garden and lily pond, rockeries, herbaceous borders, lawns, natural health and woodland.

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IN ALL ABOUT 5 ACRES

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Electric light, main services. Garage.

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Early Possession on Completion

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ONE OF THE BEST RESIDENCES

in a much sought-after district, near to station and first-class golf. Frequent service by Tube.

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EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

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c.3

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Kitchen garden, meadowland. In all about

4 ACRES

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Exceptionally well built, and beautifully appointed throughout. Hall and cloakroom, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, oak strip floors, central heating throughout, main water and electricity, septic tank drainage. Two garages, and other buildings.

ABOUT 2 ACRES

well timbered, and including ornamental lawns, kitchen garden and paddock.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION

(unless previously sold privately) on THURSDAY, JUNE 27 NEXT, at the ESTATE HOUSE, 62, KING STREET, MAIDENHEAD, at 3 p.m. precisely.

Joint Auctioneers: Mr. CYRIL JONES, F.A.I., F.V.A., Station Front, Maidenhead. Tel.: 2033. HARRODS LTD., 34-36, Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (Tel.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

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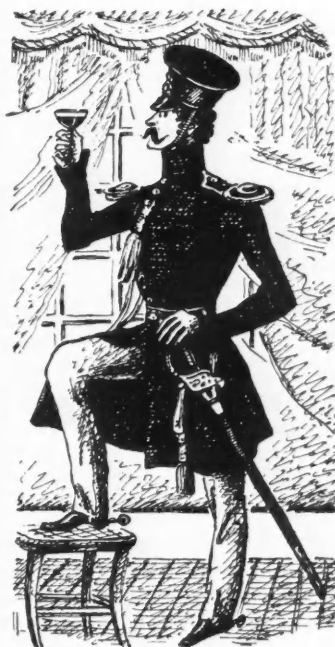
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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX No. 2579

JUNE 21, 1946



Harlip

MRS. HUGH RIPLEY

Mrs. Hugh Ripley is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bruce Jones of Glenbervie, Larbert, Stirlingshire, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Thomas Dunlop, Bt. Her marriage to Major Hugh Ripley, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, third son of Sir Henry Ripley, Bt., and Lady Ripley of Bedstone Court, Bucknell, Shropshire, took place recently

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FROM BLACK COUNTRY TO GREEN

A RECENT short debate on the Adjournment drew attention to the Black Country—an apt name for a most shocking memento of the unbridled acquisitiveness of man. There is a general desire that, instead, the region should be reclaimed and rejuvenated as a model for other districts where not only the land but industry itself has become derelict; areas in which it is now proposed to replan and redevelop both on a comprehensive and rational basis. The Black Country has a conspicuous difference from most of the Development Areas in that, though the coal and ironstone of the district were worked out half a century ago, new industries have arisen and been fostered, and to-day it makes part of a great and prosperous Midland conurbation. There is hope, therefore, that much of its worst areas may be restored to civilised uses and to a semblance of natural beauty by local and regional effort.

Mr. Silkin told the House that the eighteen local authorities concerned were already moving in the right direction, and promised not only to do everything possible to unify and co-ordinate their efforts, but to approach the Ministry of Agriculture on the subject of restoring fertility and stimulating local farming. Unfortunately, the Report recently issued by his own Ministry serves only too well to show how difficult the problems are. The picture is black indeed, and holds out little hope of improvement without much expenditure. The derelict land—i.e., "land so damaged that . . . it is unlikely to be effectively used again within a reasonable time and may well be a public nuisance meantime"—amounts to 9,300 acres. Some part of this is in course of treatment for post-war housing, and some has been acquired by local authorities for that purpose. But when all such areas have been deducted there still remains a "hard core" of 6,100 acres presenting well-nigh insuperable problems to the planner and would-be improver. Many of the worst patches are entirely unsuitable for housing development, and one of the major difficulties arises from the refusal of the wealthier classes to live in the area at all.

It is indeed difficult in such circumstances to know what to do with 2,500 acres of marl pits, 50 feet deep, with cliff-like sides and full of water, or how to deal with the debris of 150 defunct coal mines and 100 iron foundries, already dismantled for half a century. In other more open areas the Ministry of Agriculture and the Forestry Commissioners may yet come to the rescue. There, again, although it has still some farm land of low standard, it is economically and hygienically better to supply the Black

Country with milk and fresh vegetables from the specialised farming areas of the West Midlands than to attempt to expand agricultural enterprise within its borders. The palliative that offers most prospect of success is tree planting. But even here the conditions are not too promising. Of conifers, only the Corsican pine can stand the soil and climate, and the lower slopes and levels which might otherwise be covered with poplars, willow and alder are undrained and subject to water stagnation. None the less, some local authorities are already busy with planting schemes. The consideration of exact areas and species is clearly the business of a landscape architect, preferably in co-operation with the Forestry Commission, and, as Mr. G. A. Jellicoe has been preparing plans for parts of Bilston and Oldbury areas, his suggestions may well be found of general application. Here, as elsewhere, is seen the need for effective co-operation of all the authorities of the Birmingham Region in removing a reproach common to them all.

A COAT OF PAINT

A MORE domestic but universal aspect of rehabilitation, to the need of which the recent festivities have drawn attention by default, is repainting our time-worn and dingy towns. A contributory attraction of the crowds that surged around London during Victory

ALIEN

"WHEAT is green on the hill . . ."
But her obstinate head
Bent to the floury bowl;
It was I who said,
"Wheat is green on the hill,"
She who in scorn
Turned back from the blossoming sill,
Blind to the corn,
The cloud, and a windy light
As it broke and fled:
"Can we live by your young green wheat?
What we want is bread."

And I saw how the fear she loves
Stole from the shade, stood by
With a hand on her kneading wrist:
"Bread, or men will die."

It is there, it constrains her still;
Then is last year's death not dead?
Is one of us two a fool?
Oh, not I who said
"Wheat is green, summer come; life, here is life
Keeping faith again, crowning the hill."

D. FREEMAN LARKIN.

Week was surely the subconscious hope of finding some relief to the progressive drabness of the war years in a feast of colour; a craving for which most of us are more or less conscious, but which was only temporarily satisfied by the riverside fireworks and illuminations. At least seven years' arrears of repainting are by now overdue on almost every building in the kingdom. If only as a stimulus to general morale, the Government would be well advised to expedite the release of labour and materials for widespread redecoration, pending which it is well worth while citizens, privately and corporately, making up their minds how they can most effectively apply colour when it comes. In the past, when the psychological need for colour was less acute than it is now, there were vigorous local traditions for the colouring of buildings, which cannot be improved upon. Where the building material and prevalent skies are dark, light colour-washes are effective, and equally fit for ameliorating unsightly buildings. There are acres of stucco houses only requiring a coat of creamy stone paint to restore their original smartness. White woodwork in windows immediately brings dead buildings to life, and with cheerful clean colour on other woodwork, houses and streets seemingly half derelict are easily made gay. Suggestions for possible and appropriate colour combinations provide a suitable activity for the Civic Societies which are being formed in so many towns. There is ample scope for similar voluntary

bodies with analogous interests in the larger cities, in which domestic patriotism—and *amour propre*—is not yet actively encouraged.

RUS IN URBE

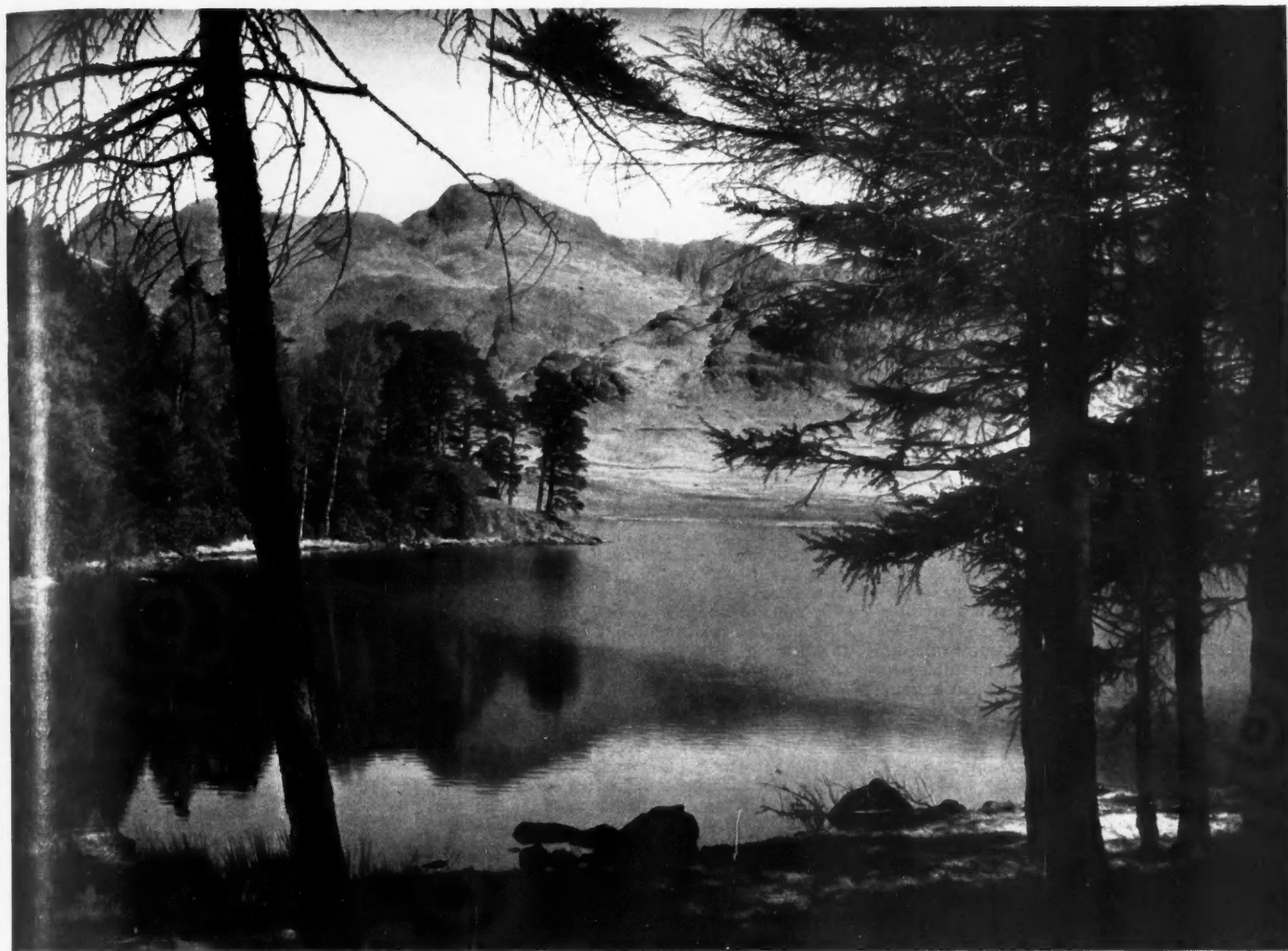
ONE such body is the London Gardens Society which has this week held a meeting with several distinguished speakers. Its activities have naturally been interfered with by the war, but now in this era of re-planning it has a fine opportunity. Its object is to brighten London by the growing of flowers in gardens if possible, and, if not, in window boxes, which may be seen by the passer-by; also to advise and help local societies having the same object. Even when flowers are impracticable, a suggestion of greenery in the shape of the smallest bush can do much to cheer up a mean street, and make a refreshing oasis, however tiny, in the surrounding desert of bricks. Incidentally, it is pleasant to notice that the town of Slough, which is not, with all respect, superficially very attractive, has a Civic Society which concerns itself with such things, and is next week holding a meeting as to the re-opening of that beautiful spot close to it, Burnham Beeches. These are two encouraging signs of a general awakening to a real need.

POTATOES, NEW AND OLD

THERE were reports of "earlies" being lifted in Cornwall before mid-May, but most of us have to wait till midsummer for new potatoes. Early varieties are, indeed, a relative novelty in this country. Potatoes were probably introduced about 1586-87; in 1699 John Evelyn was still recommending the November harvesting of potatoes; but something like another century had to pass before there were any "earlies." Closely linked with those facts may be certain more important elements of potato history. The tradition of a Virginian origin is now known to be ill-founded (for the Virginian potatoes were grown from seed imported from Bermuda in 1621, and those Bermuda potatoes had come from English-grown stocks), and British scientists think that Europe's first potatoes came from the equatorial regions of South America. This might explain the relative unpopularity of potatoes for nearly two centuries after their introduction, since strains from the neighbourhood of Lake Titicaca, having a short-day reaction, would not crop very well in this country: only when more satisfactory strains were evolved or introduced did potatoes become popular—and only then were early potatoes available. Within the last two decades some 200 wild varieties and about 20 cultivated varieties of potato have been distinguished in South America, where potatoes have been grown as a crop for at least 1,750 years and probably for much longer.

THE PRODIGAL TOWEL

IT appears that in the year 1939, 300,000 towels were, to employ a euphemism, borrowed by passengers from the Great Western Railway. There are still 299,999 missing, but one has returned. A single anonymous but conscience-stricken borrower has sent back his towel, clean and shining from the laundry, with the apology that "the need was great." The Railway Company, while duly grateful, wishes that this one tardily just man might have imitators, and that it might receive a few such unconsidered trifles as seat cushions, mugs and cups, to say nothing of that small balance of towels, which have also vanished. This tendency to pilfering is not confined to railway companies. At one well-known spa there used once upon a time to be a shoe-horn in every dressing-room to help the maimed and the halt. The temptation proved too great for bathers, and now there is but a single one which must be really and truly borrowed from the ministering attendant. A shoe-horn can be thoughtlessly slipped into a pocket, even as is a box of matches, but he who takes a seat cushion must do it of malicious forethought, and it would be interesting to know how, in a literal sense, he "gets away with it." But, after all, the public can scarcely be blamed for its small-scale acquisitions when the State is so busy along the same lines with its nationalisation policy.



Alfred Furness

IN THE HEART OF THE LAKE DISTRICT: BLEA TARN, WESTMORLAND

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

ONE of the results of the prohibition of cock-fighting, and the activities of the various societies concerned with cruelty to see that the prohibition is enforced, is the almost complete disappearance of the game bird from the poultry pens of Great Britain. The breed was never very common in this country, though the law-breaking cock-fighters were probably far more numerous than was suspected, and in the bad old days before the 1914-18 war our village policeman told me that a certain resident in the district, who lived in a large isolated manor house, evidently held a private and very select poultry show every year, as crates of birds arrived by train from all over England, from the Channel Islands and from the south of Ireland.

"And a queer sort of show it must be," he added, "as, like pheasant-shooting after Christmas, it is 'cocks only,' and less than half of them go back to their owners after the judging and award of prizes."

As village policemen are far from being as stupid as tradition insists, it was obvious he had a very shrewd idea of the nature of the "poultry show." Also he knew that, though a raid on a cock-fighting party half way up a mountain side might be fruitful in its results if carried out with skill, there was little hope of finding incriminating evidence when the raiding party had to negotiate a drive nearly a mile long, and then find their way past a hostile defence force consisting of the butler and footman to the upper storey of a rambling forty-roomed Jacobean mansion.

THE game breed is certainly not an economic factor in these days when every bird must lay her full quota to justify her existence and her food ration. The game hen, being much closer

to Nature than the popular utility strains, which have been arrived at by years of selective breeding for egg production only, sees no point in laying over two hundred eggs a year solely for human beings to eat when a modest twenty-five is all that is required for the propagation of her species. Nevertheless, the game cock has his value, for, though primarily designed by Nature to live in a state of constant warfare with other males of his species, he plays an essential part in providing the material for the most peaceful pursuit in the world—fly-fishing. The hackle portion of the floating fly—the most important feature of this little work of art—must be both stiff and resilient, and must possess a certain natural sheen or polish, whether damp or dry, which resembles that to be seen on the legs and antennae of a natural insect; and the neck hackle feathers of the game cock are infinitely superior in this respect to those of any bird of the utility strains.

* * *

I AM at present trying to cultivate the regard of a semi-amateur fly-tier, who makes the most excellent dry-flies for a very select few solely as a favour. The competition for his output, however, is very keen, and, having made his acquaintance recently, I am low down on the waiting-list, but at the mere mention of a neck of feathers from a game cock his whole attitude changed, and his eyes lit up with anticipation. If by any chance I can make contact with my disreputable cock-fighting friends of other days, and produce the hackle feathers of an old

English dun or golden-necked pile, I feel convinced that my stock would appreciate to a marked extent. We live in the days when the motto is: "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," and the man who can produce the raw materials has some sort of priority claim to the finished product.

* * *

JUDGING from the letters I receive from friends in Egypt and from the social news I read in Cairo's illustrated magazine, *The Sphinx*, the Egyptians have an excuse for their complaint that both Cairo and Alexandria are swarming with our troops despite the fact that, so far as the Middle East was concerned, the war was over by the winter of 1942. Three and a half years should have provided ample time for the transfer of divisions which were obviously required elsewhere, either farther east or on the western front, and actually almost all the fighting formations left the country years ago; but there remained in the two cities the officers and other ranks of all those ancillary forces which are essential to the maintenance of troops in the front line and have to clear up after they have left the scene of hostilities, as well as all the members of those semi-civilian adjuncts to modern warfare which sprang up like mushrooms and multiplied like locusts. In addition to this multitude there are an almost incredible number of entertainers who, one of my correspondents says, must exist in the ratio of one entertainer to every Service man. During the 1914-18 war, when there was functioning in Egypt only one professional company with two or three amateur ones, the troops received so much entertainment of this nature that it gave birth to the now hoary old story of a concert

where one private remarked to another as two artistes began to sing a duet: "Cheer up, Nobby, they're bringing 'em on two at a time, and it'll soon be over."

The point to remember is that all this ullage of an Army wears Army uniforms to-day, and as they crowd the pavements, pack the hotels and fill the streets with their cars, they constitute, in the eyes of the Egyptians, that which appears to be an active Army of Occupation, which, according to the Treaty of 1936, should be stationed on the banks of the Suez Canal.

The truth of the matter is that Cairo is too fascinating and has always been a magnet which draws into its environs those "brass hats" who keep the men in the field, and, when it is "Buggins's turn" and a job has to be made

for him, it is to Cairo he goes. Here he finds the gay city offers everything in the way of attraction—the best hotels, the best clubs, the best food, the best service, and the best of entertainment; and the trouble with the Bugginses of the Army is that they are constantly adding to their numbers. They promote themselves, and to justify their promotion they increase their staffs by opening up subsidiary and liaison branches of their particular jobs, and the vital necessity for these jobs is apparent to neither the serving soldier nor the observing civilian—and certainly not to the disgruntled Egyptian.

SOME time ago, when in these Notes I attributed the great increase in the numbers of the

clothes moth throughout the land, and his activities during the winter as well as the summer, to the warmth of the houses in which we live owing to the general adoption of central heating, I received a letter from a COUNTRY LIFE reader who disagreed with me violently, and who said that the clothes moth could only establish itself in a dirty house, as its presence was the result of the lack of reasonable care and cleanliness. The implication was that I was entirely responsible for my clothes moth troubles and that my house was not properly cleaned. The heat of the letter was such that I read it again, and discovered from the printed heading on the newspaper that my incensed correspondent was a manufacturer of central-heating appliances—*hinc illæ lacrimæ*.

IN SUMMERTIME ON BREDON

By S. P. B. MAIS

IF I had to choose one village to provide a foreign tourist with a sense of the spirit of England I should choose Bredon, in Worcestershire; for here we get in very small compass, in a most picturesque setting, as many different reminders of the continuity of the country, of its present vigour and past architectural glory as you will find anywhere.

First, I would take my guest up to the top of Bredon Hill, which is a simple scramble over arable at the foot, through tall ancient hanging woods on the first slopes, over humpy ground where they once quarried the limestone for the field walls and the near-by villages, and then to the long grassy plateau of the summit where

Of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The counties that you look down on from this 1,000 ft. summit, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, Herefordshire and the rest, are not only coloured. They are a mass of the richest orchards and market-gardens in the

land. Below wind the Avon and the Severn, with the camel's back of the Malvern Hills and the ridge of the Black Mountains away to the west and the long line of the Cotswolds stretching away to the far north and, farther south, to the east.

You are looking down on the very heart of England, Shakespeare's England, and seen from this height the scene cannot have changed much since his time.

On this hill-top are fossils of the oldest marine life, tiny five-pointed stars in as great profusion as flints on the South Downs. Two turret-like masses of white oolitic rock, known as The King and Queen, mark the scene of the old manorial courts and just below is a small, sacred, circular grove where men and maids still carve their initials and still wish that "love may aye endure."

A square stone tower surmounts the top, known as Parson's Folly, and as you mount the ladder to reach the roof, a bell, like that in the village shop, rings to warn those above not to descend.

Another oolitic rock known as the Bambury

Stone, resembling the hull of a ship, was once a sacrificial altar, as the discovery of large quantities of burnt wheat proves. The camp that surrounds it was one of a chain of twenty-seven forts that extended from Clifton Down to Bredon Hill and is doubly entrenched. Many Roman coins have been found here and a primeval toad was discovered in the centre of a block of freestone here, some twenty feet below the ground and some twenty-six inches from the nearest outer surface of the block. The toad is said to have lived for about eight hours and then to have been killed. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story.

As we stood upon this crest I should point out to my guest the magnificent tower of Tewkesbury Abbey and the near-by battlefield, and turning towards Worcester show him the track taken by Charles II after his last encounter with Cromwell.

On our way down, with the songs of the larks ringing clearly above, I should show him the haunts of the badgers, and the hiding-place of some of Bredon's rarer wild flowers, and then give him a breather from history and flora



BREDON HIGH STREET. . . "shining white plaster and ancient black timbers roofed with thatch"

F. R. Winston



A. H. Robinson

THE GENTLY-FLOWING AVON, its rush- and willow-bordered banks giving way to the quiet slopes of the vale which sweep up to Bredon Hill in the distance

and fauna in the chequered black and thatched Fox and Hounds inn, one of the most convivial pubs I know. Here I would encourage him to listen to the talk, which runs in the main on either hunting or fishing.

I should then take him to the Avon where, on the vast Twynning field where commoners still exercise grazing rights, he will see the black dots of Birmingham anglers at ten yards intervals occupying the western bank for mile upon mile. He will hear warblers in the reeds, see coots and swans swimming on the surface of the silver river and flocks of plovers wheeling over the water meadows.

I should then take him to see the needle-spined church, a fine example of transitional architecture. Here he would find more reminders of an earlier age for, twelve hundred years ago, it was a manor of the church of Worcester, the site of a monastery, founded by Eanulf, grandfather of King Offa of Mercia. Although there is no longer any trace of the Saxons, there is plenty of compensation in the Norman carved doorway and as glowing an example of mediæval colour as you could wish in the three rows of ancient heraldic encaustic tiles which occupy the whole front of the three altar steps.

Here I should show him the armorial bearings of some of the greatest families of Plantagenet times, those of the Mortimers, de Veres, Clares, Strongbows, De Grenvilles, Warrens, Wakes, Ferrers, Beauchamps, Berkeleys, Elmerugges, Cantilupes, Badlesmeres, Fauconbergs, Despencers and so on, a hundred and twenty of them. These tiles were presented to the church by a Mortimer in the fourteenth century.

Let into the wall on one side of the altar he would see the figures in stone of three slim and tall 14th-century notables, a warrior in chain mail, long cloak and sword, with his fair wife

and young boy lying by his side, and on the other a plaque to John Prideaux, 84th Bishop of Worcester, "a man of learning, munificence and nobility, a servant of God and of his King, who was driven from his See in the Great Rebellion and died in Poverty at Bredon in 1650."

A flamboyant tomb in marble, with all its

heraldic devices and ornate decorations gaily painted, denotes the resting-place of a family who did not die in poverty. This is the tomb of Egidius Reed and Katherine his wife, daughter of Fulke Greville, who died within eleven days of each other in April, 1611, aged 69 and 66 respectively. One



W. A. Call

THE TITHE BARN, built of Cotswold stone in the fourteenth century and believed to be the second largest in England



wonders what, if anything, this couple knew of their humbler neighbour Will Shakespeare, who outlived them by five years.

On the way out my guest would probably ask me what the sculptured hands holding a heart indicated. I should have to pretend not to hear because I don't know, and to divert his attention I should show him the tithe barn, built of Cotswold stone in the fourteenth century, and believed to be the second largest in England.

I should then take him over the fine rectory, which is bigger than most Tudor manor houses, and explain to him the fact that this living is in the gift of the Duke of Portland and worth £1,700 a year.

I hope he would have time to inspect some of the secular points of interest in the village, particularly the school, which is under the charge of an enlightened headmaster, Bill Hurlestone, who seems to be the guardian and friend of everyone in the village and who certainly keeps his children well informed of current movements all over the world.

If my visitor laboured under the delusion that the wits of the country child are slow he would get a sharp corrective in Bredon village school. These children are drawn from all the hillside hamlets, Westmancote, Overbury, Grafton, Kemerton, Bredons Norton and Eckington, as well as from Bredon itself. They have no false ideas about the glamour of the towns. They come of good Worcestershire stock who, having found the land good, show no desire to change it for the much less attractive life of the town.

Not that they are cut off. Bredon has a station on the main L.M.S. line from Derby to Bristol. Buses run to Tewkesbury (3 miles), Worcester (11 miles), Cheltenham (8 miles), and Evesham (9 miles), from which it will be seen that it is within easy reach of cinema, not to mention a racecourse.

This may account for the fact that Bredon has become a residential resort. The Lord of the Manor is a solicitor, who makes the daily journey to Birmingham. John Moore, the author of *Portrait of Elmbury*, is a resident, as is Geoffrey Boumfrey, who characteristically built for him-

**(Left) BREDON'S
NEEDLE-SPIRED
CHURCH**

A fine example of
transitional archi-
tecture

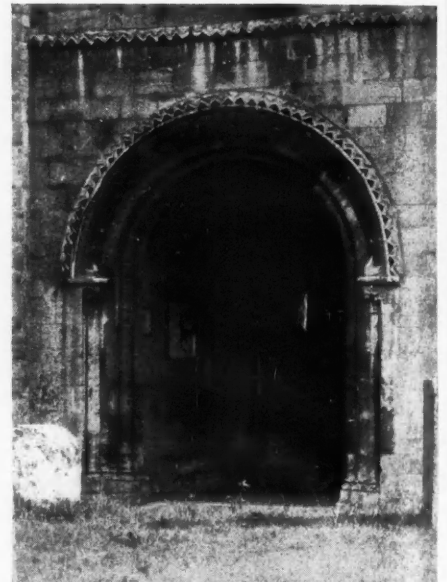
**TOMB OF EGIDIUS
AND KATHERINE
REED**

(contemporaries of
Shakespeare)
In marble with gaily
painted heraldic de-
vices and ornate de-
corations

**(Right) THE NORTH
PORCH**

Norman carving in
fine preservation

W. A. Call



self an ultra modern flat-roofed brick house on a knoll overlooking the poplars that fringe the Avon.

The village itself is cosy and compact, of every type of domestic architecture—here shining white plaster and ancient black timbers roofed with thatch, there plain, glaring, modern brick with tiled roofs. There is an unexpected number of what the estate agents call commodious residences, unexpected that is until you visit the Fox and Hounds and realise how many moneyed people there are in this sequestered village. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to enter the inn to realise that, for outside you will find, patiently awaiting the reappearance of their owners, horses that are saddled, and other horses harnessed to gig and jingle.

There are also cars, of expensive design and astonishingly modern, occupying the greater part of the main street, and there is no lack of trousered women unanimously agreeing that the church spire is "wizard," and the tithe-barn "sweet."

Bredon is certainly neither impoverished nor unknown. What is quite clear is that it does not owe its fame to Housman. In all the times that I have visited it I have never heard Housman's name mentioned.

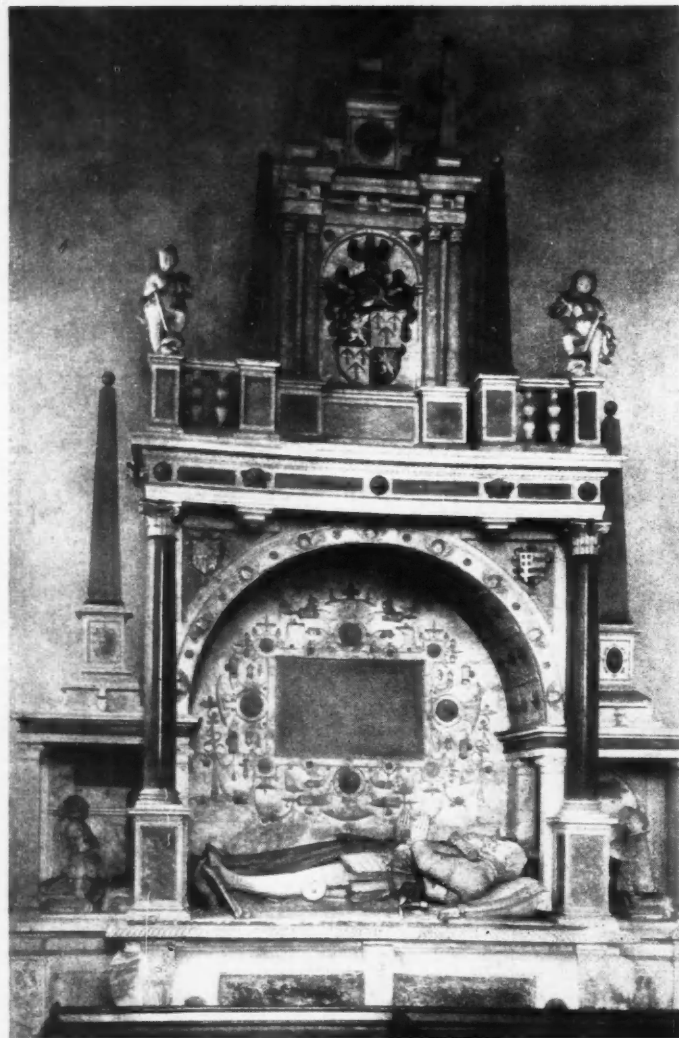
I am wrong. A small girl in Bill Hurlestone's school once declaimed the whole of Housman's poem on Bredon to me. The effect was somewhat marred by her neighbour, a small boy with tousled red hair, who insisted on reciting Masfield's *Road to Tewkesbury*.

"Soft he was," he added. "He can't even have walked it. Sopsy, that's what he was."

When the headmaster tried to turn the conversation by asking a black-haired girl of about ten what Drinkwater said about Grafton there was a general laugh. I gather that the unfortunate child came from Grafton.

I hope you don't remember Drinkwater's words. I hope, too, that if you don't know Bredon you will pay it a visit. Never mind what Housman said.

The church bells still ring!



AT 40 KNOTS ON WATER-SKIS

Written and Illustrated by MICHAEL HAWORTH-BOOTH

THE use of skis on water is one of the newer and more curious sports. At first sight it seems a rather pointless mechanical business, this towing of a skier behind a speedboat. One feels that he might just as well be sitting in comfort, high and dry, in the boat. The expert on snow skis is apt to disdain the obvious and pronounced *rupplager*, or backward lean, and the tensed muscles of the water-skier and to feel that it may spoil his style for the real thing, where that free forward thrust of the chest towards the abyss is such a vitally important factor. Once the plunge is taken, however, and he finds himself on his boards on the water, he is almost certain to become an addict to this apotheosis of keel-hauling. For, in the wild pull from the powerful boat there is a keen thrill, a composite message in which there is a blend of the tug of the straining salmon, the hunter well up in his bridle, and even something of the tug-of-war. The speedboat is forgotten; the sea seems to fill one's whole horizon. As skill increases the skier soon learns to pull out far to the side of the wake to meet the natural waves. There is the feeling of a solitude shared only with the ocean.

Normally the speedboat proceeds at anything from 30 to 40 knots, but the skier, by pulling out to one side and then jumping the wash to cross over to the other, or by pulling out on the outside of the turns, can get up a very much higher speed.

The effects of a fall at speed are even less painful than on snow, on which it is proverbial that an "over forty" can fall like a shot rabbit fifty times a day with hardly a bruise to show for it. On one of my earlier ventures, when my arms were tired and I wished to stop, I did not know the proper method, so merely let go of the rope while ski-ing at full speed. I expected to do a *sitzmark* or sit-down fall, but the result was a double somersault forward as, of course, there was nothing to counteract the terrific drag of the water on the legs while my body continued to rush forward. But the performance was exhilarating rather than painful and helped to establish confidence.

The principal scenes of the sport will always be in the warmer seas of the south. There are, however, a number of places around our coasts where the conditions are excellent, especially if another craft is available. With its help a dry start can be had by the skier as he is pulled off the second boat with the skis in position. In these circumstances the expert skier could even



AN EXPERT SKIER, TOWING-ROPE HANDLE BEHIND KNEES, DISPLAYS HER PROWESS WHILE TRAVELLING AT SPEED.



WAITING TO CATCH THE BOAT WHICH WILL TOW HIM TO HIS FEET ON THE WATER

wear enough clothes to keep warm on a chilly day, though a dry landing calls for considerable skill and judgment on the part of both skier and boatman. The stationary craft must be grasped at the precise moment when, through loss of impetus, the skis founder beneath the skier.

When there is no second boat available the skis must be put on in the water, an operation that requires a certain knack. Then the cross-bar on the end of the tow-rope has to be caught and the speedboat moves forward to take up the slack. Finally, with a yell of "Now!" from the helmsman, the throttle is pushed over and, as the boat roars off, the skier is drawn out of the water on the skis. For a successful emergence the boat must keep a straight course as, at this stage, the skier has insufficient control to deal with a turn.

Of all times for water-ski-ing, I think that a calm, warm autumn night, with a bright harvest moon, is the most exciting. The motor-boat, hidden in the spindrift, is just a humming sound; one is intensely aware of the temper and personality of the sea beneath the reflected stars; there is the added thrill of danger, for the spray makes it difficult to see the skier from the speedboat and one might fall and not be found. On such a night, when the run is over and you sink down into the sea, the water is so much warmer than the air that it feels like a warm bath.

The equipment for the sport is simple, though somewhat costly. It consists of a speedboat, a pair of water-skis, and a 60 ft. tow-rope with a wooden handle. If the outlay, which after all is no more than that required to purchase a good motor-car, is syndicated among half a dozen people, water-ski-ing need not be an expensive amusement.

(Left) THE LIGHT AND FAST CRAFT WHICH TOWS THE SKIER

(Right) THE CORRECT POSITION TO ADOPT WHEN PULLING OUT OF THE BOAT'S WAKE



CLOCKS AND TIME-KEEPING IN GEORGIAN ENGLAND

By R. W. SYMONDS

DOMESTIC clocks became so much in demand in Georgian England that by the middle of the eighteenth century they were being made in several standardised types each of which served a particular class of society.

The commonest and cheapest type was the wall clock which was continuing the tradition of the lantern clock. It went for 30 hours and had an hour hand only, the smallest divisions on the dial being the hour quarters (Fig. 3). It was the clock of the artisan of the town and the yeoman of the countryside.

The next standard type was the long-case or grandfather clock (see my article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 5) which became popular with the people of the middle class—the shop-keeper, the small merchant, the professional man. It was weight-driven with either a 30-hour or an 8-day movement according to the quality and cost; and it was enclosed in a case which was not the work of the clock-maker but of a specialist wood-worker—the case-maker.

The spring-driven table or bracket clock, which stood on a table or chimney-shelf, was the clock most favoured by the nobility and gentry. It went for 8 days and the cost of the standard table clock was higher than that of the standard grandfather clock owing to the more elaborate design of the clock-work caused by the spring and fusee, which latter equalised the uneven pull of the spring. Also it was because cost was not of primary importance in the table clock that it was more often fitted with additional features, such as repeating, chiming, or musical work, and, in consequence, when compared with the grandfather clock, it was less standardised in its design. The table clock, therefore, remained more the product of the London than the provincial craftsman; for apart from the wider market, craftsmanship was more specialised and skilled, in the capital.

This is a very general description of clocks in 18th-century England; there was a lot of over-lapping in the use of various types, and

also that which applied at the beginning of the century did not hold good at the end.

Our ancestors thought of time in hours and not in minutes, and a clock that gave the time within a quarter of an hour was considered quite adequate in the eighteenth century for the regulation of everyday life. For this reason the cheapest wall and grandfather clocks had no minute hands.

The chief difficulty concerning watches and clocks in the eighteenth century was to set them to the correct hour; for then there was no universal time throughout the country in the form of Greenwich mean time as there is now. The travellers in the London to Exeter coach would arrive at their destination with their watches nearly a quarter of an hour fast of Exeter time; this being the difference in time between the two cities owing to the sun moving from east to west. People still adhered, therefore, to the ancient way of telling the time of day by the sun-dial; and it required a very good sun-dial by which the time could be read within a minute.

That if men be very nice in keeping a Clock true to the Sun, they should then make use, if possible, of but one time on the Dial that they set it with, and that pretty near noon; for few Dials being drawn exactly true, great mistakes may arise, when a Clock is set to one hour and then compared with another; and by reason of refractions great errors may also arise; for the Sun by Refractions being made to appear higher than really she is, there can be no certain account taken of the time till near Noon, where Refractions cease: And when all this care is taken, in regard it is so very hard to distinguish Minutes by the shadow of a Dial, . . .

—Of the Unequality of Natural Time, by John Smith, 1686.

When people had ascertained apparent or sun-dial time, they then consulted—if they wanted their clocks to register mean or clock-time—an equation of time table (Fig. 6), which showed how fast or slow sun-time was of clock-time.

This variation was several minutes either



1.—CITIZEN VISITING THE CLOCK-MAKER TO SET HIS WATCH

A Rowlandson print in the collection of Mr. C. A. Ilbert

way during the greater part of the year; at one extreme sun-time was 16 minutes fast of clock-time, which took place at the beginning of November (this is the reason why November afternoons get dark so early), and at the other extreme it was 14 minutes slow at the middle of February. Only at four times during the year—the middle of April, the middle of June, the end of August and at Christmas—were solar time and clock-time the same.

It would seem unlikely that many of our 18th-century ancestors took the trouble to consult sun-dials and equation tables; they left this work to the keepers of public clocks; for the majority of townspeople must have relied upon the church or town clock for the time to set their watches and clocks by. Also the local clock-maker would have the correct time; the Rowlandson drawing of the gentleman setting his watch right in the clock-maker's shop is evidence of this. An amusing print (Fig. 2) suggests that it was an 18th-century custom for menservants to set their masters' watches right by the sun-dial on the terrace.

All these variations caused by the difficulty of obtaining the correct time from sun-dials, the difference between sun and clock-time, the different times throughout the country from east to west, the none too accurate time-keeping of the majority of clocks, especially spring clocks, and the no real urgent need of measuring time to a minute led people not to worry whether their clocks and watches were right to within a quarter of an hour. The advent of the railways and the speeding up of transport in the second quarter of the nineteenth century at last demanded—so as to avoid confusion in the coming and going of trains—that time should be standardised throughout the country in accordance with Greenwich mean time.

In a letter to one of the officials of the Great Western Railway, the eminent London watch and clock-maker, Benjamin Vulliamy, describes how the station clocks from Paddington to Exeter should be wound and how he obtains the accurate time from Greenwich.

Pall Mall. Feby 3rd 1849.

It is proposed to wind up weekly and keep to Greenwich meantime, commonly called London Time, ninety nine Clocks; and to clean and repair them when necessary. To do this it is requisite to have correct time from Greenwich weekly a Registrar, the correct going of which can be relied upon, and accurate and fitting Watches to send down the line by the Man who winds by which to regulate the Clocks.

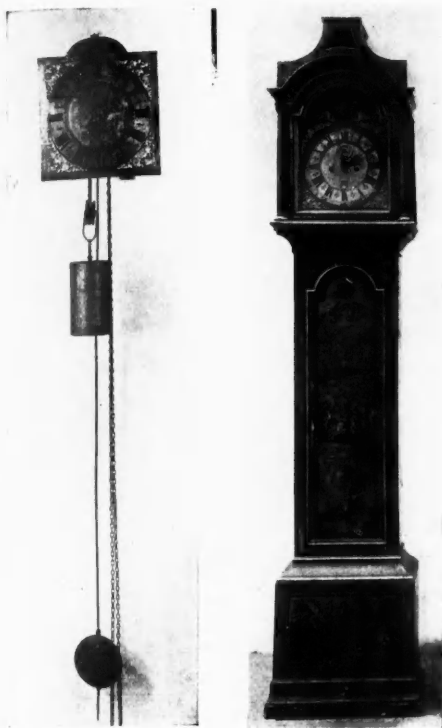
I have the time brought me from Greenwich every week by the second Gentleman after the Astronomer Royal attached to the Observatory, for this I pay very liberally.



2.—A COMMENT BY ROWLANDSON ON THE CUSTOM OF SETTING WATCHES BY THE SUN-DIAL

"What the Devil has the fellow got there—I told you to set my watch by the Sun Dial."
"Please your Honor—I don't rightly understand setting Watches by Sun Dials—so knowing your Honor to be a little goutified, I took the trouble of digging up the Dial . . . that you may set the Watch by it yourself . . ."

Coloured print in the collection of Mr. C. A. Ilbert



(Left) 3.—A 30-HOUR WALL CLOCK WITH ONE HAND, BY GILKES, ALDERBURY. This was the cheapest type of 18th-century clock

Reproduced by permission of Mr. S. W. Wolsey

(Right) 4.—STANDARD TYPE OF LONDON-MADE GRANDFATHER CLOCK BY PHILLIP ABBOTT, IN SCARLET JAPAN CASE. Circa 1730

A TABLE OF THE Equation of Days, SHOWING How much a good Pendulum Watch differs from a true Sun-Dial every Day in the Year.

Month	Day	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	June	July	Aug	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	4	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	7	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	8	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	9	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	10	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	11	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	12	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	13	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	14	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	15	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	16	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	17	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	18	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	19	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	20	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	21	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	22	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	23	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	24	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	25	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	26	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	27	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	28	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	29	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	30	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
1	31	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

SET the Watch so much faster or slower than the time, by the number in the Table for the Day of the Month, when you set it, and go true, the difference of it from the Sun any Day afterward will be with the Table.

LONDON.

Printed for Thomas Tompion, Clockmaker, at the Three Crowns in Fleet-Street.

During the first half of the eighteenth century, in order to meet the steady demand for clocks throughout the country, the craft of the clock-maker had become economically organised by the sub-division of its labour. Plates, wheels and pinions, dials, chains, springs, engraving, gilding, were each executed by a specialist craftsman, and the final work of assembling, finishing, and adjusting all the parts was done by a workman known as a "finisher." It was the finisher who was called the clock-maker and who purchased the different parts of his clock from the specialist. This is borne out by a writer of 1747: "... what is more commonly understood by Clock and Watch-makers are the Finishers and Venders, some of which are only Chamber-masters selling their Work as soon as completed, either to their Acquaintance or the Shop-keepers, who are the principal Dealers in all Kinds of Movements relating to Time."

It is difficult to say when the shopkeeper, who was a seller only and not a clock-maker, and who bought the complete movement from the finisher, and the case from the case-maker, first made his appearance in the eighteenth century. Goldsmiths and jewellers sold watches and this was probably because they made the cases; they also dealt in second-hand watches. In the seventeenth century it had been the invariable custom for the clock-maker or finisher to be also the seller and for this purpose he had both a workshop and a shop; the former in which to assemble and finish his clocks and the latter to exhibit and sell them retail to the public. In the more commercialised eighteenth century this system of the craftsman-retailer began to wane.

Many clock-makers of the earlier period, such as the celebrated Thomas Tompion, carried out a great deal more work in their workshops with their own labour than was done in the 18th-century workshop, when clock-work had become much more standardised and there was less invention and originality in its design. The use of labour-saving machines in clock-making appeared as early as the reign of Charles II when Robert Hooke invented one for cutting the teeth of the wheels (Fig. 7). Previous to Hooke's invention each tooth had to be filed by hand.

While the movements and dials of clocks reflected the improvement and inventions of the clock-maker's craft that took place in the eighteenth century, the design of clock-cases and the wood of which



5.—STANDARD TYPE OF BEDROOM TIMEPIECE WITH PULL QUARTER REPEATING WORK. Bedroom clocks with repeater mechanism seldom struck the hours because of disturbing the sleeper at night.

By permission of Mr. Francis Lauder

they were made followed with few exceptions the fashions obtaining in the contemporary furniture. Also like the furniture the quality of the workmanship and material of a clock-case was ruled by the price that the grade of customer for whom the clock was intended could afford to pay.

Clock-cases were, however, not the work of cabinet-makers; for whenever there is a large demand for an article division of labour in its production soon follows because of its economic value. And this caused the specialist craft of the maker of clock-cases to come into being.

With division of labour the craftsman developed a greater skill; no time was lost in changing from one work to another; and the work in consequence could be produced at a more economic cost. Division of labour was of particular value in handicrafts such as clock- and watch-making.

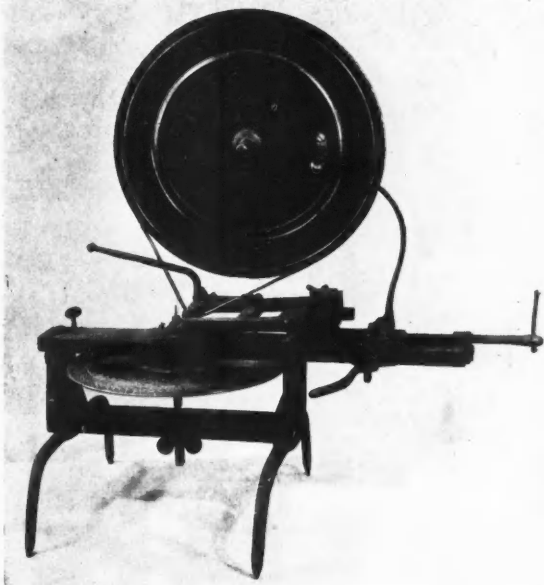
(Left)

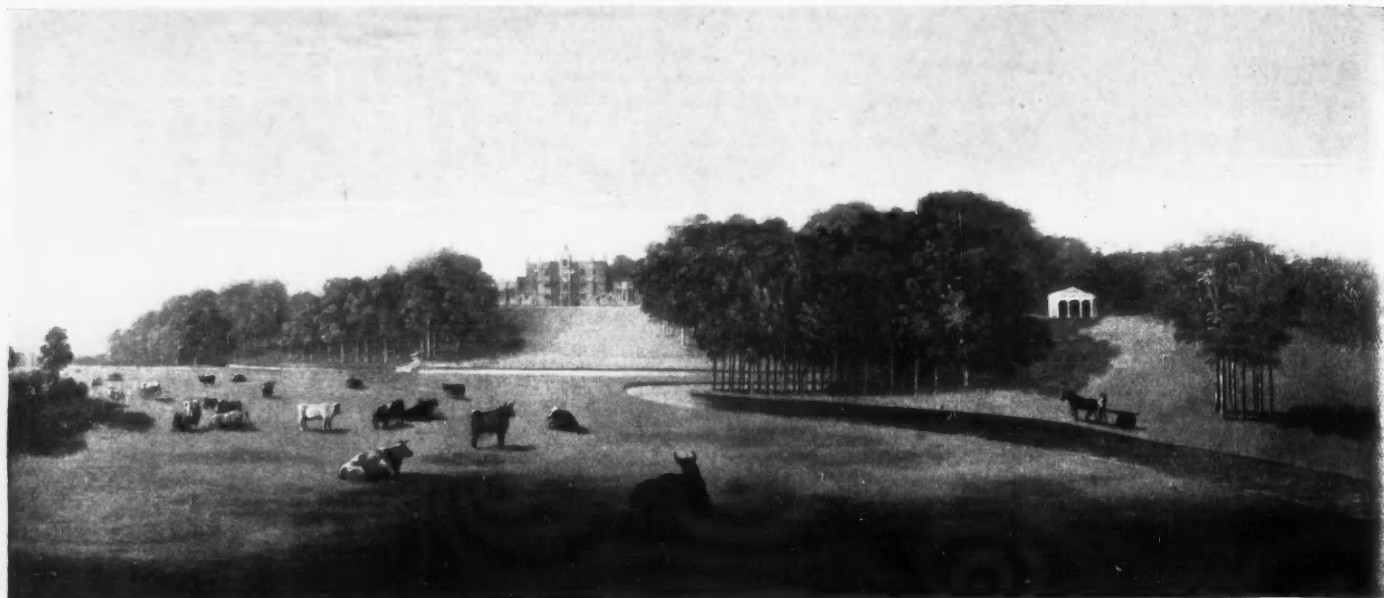
6.—THOMAS TOMPION'S PRINTED EQUATION TABLE, DATED 1683

(Right)

7.—MACHINE FOR CUTTING THE TEETH OF CLOCK WHEELS

Reproduced by permission of Mr. J. C. Hirst,





1.—ROUSHAM FROM THE NORTH, BY THOMAS JONES, 1778

A GEORGIAN ARCADY—II

THE GARDENS AT ROUSHAM, OXFORDSHIRE. THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. COTTRELL-DORMER

The further recesses are explored of William Kent's most completely surviving landscape garden, formed 1738-40 by General James Dormer.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

"ROUSHAM has reinstated Kent with me," Horace Walpole wrote to George Montagu in 1760. "The garden is Daphne in little; the sweetest little groves, streams, glades, porticoes, cascades, and river imaginable. All the scenes are perfectly classic." In those of them that we explored last week Kent had had existing features to remodel. Pope seems to have preceded him with advice, for the poet was intimate with Col. Robert Dormer and with his brother and successor the General. Gay, writing in 1727 to the latter after staying at Rousham with the Colonel, "found the place much improved"; and Pope, who was a

frequent visitor, addressed one of his epistles to: "Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your Country's friend."

Lord Cobham's great landscaping operations at near-by Stowe combined, no doubt, with Pope's exhortations to stimulate both the Dormer brothers to emulation on a smaller scale but more advanced design, which led to the General, who succeeded in 1737, consulting Kent.

Last week we got as far as the Roman arcade called Praeneste (Fig. 2) and Venus's Vale, which together form the hinge between the older part of the garden near the house and the new extension, striking north along

the Cherwell to Heyford Bridge, which the General brought in. And we left White, the clerk of the works, clamouring for another visit by Kent in February, 1739. Further instructions for the finishing of the new wings to the house were what was chiefly wanted, but the actual planting of trees in the intake had also to be settled before the spring.

This extension climbs from Venus's Vale then slopes towards the river and was planted with undergrowth, largely evergreen, with groups of trees where needed for pictorial effect. Its area is oblong in shape but tapering to a point at the bridge (Fig. 5), the view of which was opened up to form a picturesque object at the farthest point of the circuit. From Venus's Vale two walks in its direction were cut—the straight Elm Walk rising from the lower end of the Vale, and a serpentine grass walk along the higher ground from its head. Where they converged an outsize statue, "the Colossus" (Fig. 3), was set up, the back of which was to be seen from Praeneste, up the Elm Walk, silhouetted against a clump of tall elms. This clump masked the bridge view, however, till a point near the bottom of the serpentine walk, at which a rustic Temple was placed (Fig. 4).

The area was thus divided into three sections, that farthest from the river being merely a screen to the public road which skirts the grounds. In the other two, winding paths were laid out. Then in the central section, now overshadowed by dense old yews, one comes midway on an octagonal pool and a small arched cavern-like structure, called together the Cold Bath (Fig. 7). To and from the pool, and following the path, water is brought along a serpentine rill descending to the Great Pond in Venus's Vale (Fig. 6). This rill, formed of a masonry channel, is historically of great interest as being the earliest concrete instance of the use of the "serpentine line" applied to garden layout. This essentially Rococo feature,

That line averse to crooked and to straight,



2.—THE ARCADE PRAENESTE FROM ACROSS THE CHERWELL

was to wriggle all over the country. Serpentine lakes, paths, drives, and belts became Bridgeman's, Batty Langley's, Capability Brown's and the rest's stock in trade; Hogarth was to hail it as the Golden Section in his *Analysis of Beauty*; but here Kent reveals himself as the first to serpentine systematically, as a point of principle.

In the view of the temple (Fig. 4) a lofty cedar and larch soar above the background of yew; and in the contemporary plan reproduced last week, "tall Evergreens standing in grass" are distinguished by a different symbol from "tall forest trees" and "undergrowth." In the March after Kent's recent visit White reported that "thirty fir trees 15 ft. high are brought from Farringdon, 60 Scotch firs dispersed in several places, and some spruce"; others arrived from London. The plan shows that most of these were set in this part of the grounds, likely on Kent's directions. The planting of conifers for ornament—and mixed as they are here with beeches, elms, and oaks, they are very effective



3.—APOLLO AT THE HEAD OF THE ELM WALK

—was an innovation at this date, due partly to the cult of "variety" and partly to recall the cypress and ilex groves of classical landscape.

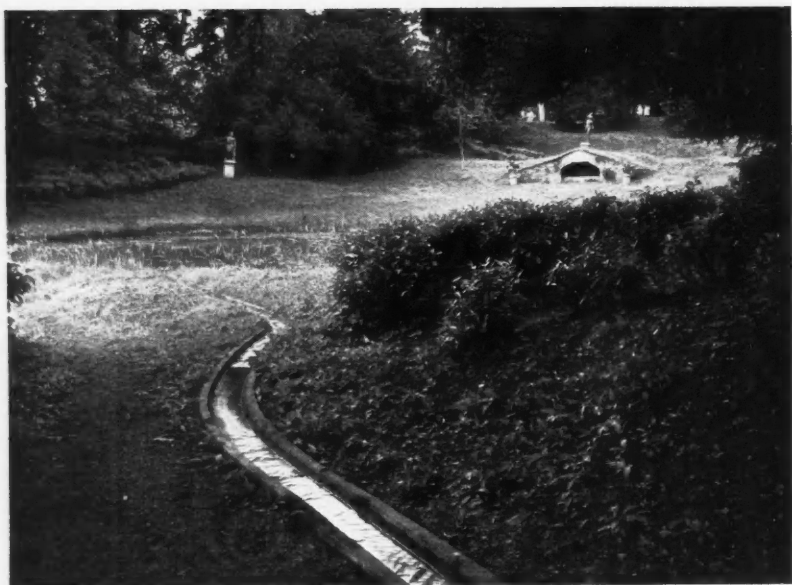
At the same time (winter of '38-'39) arrangements for the building of the temple were being made. In the plan, and ever since, it is called just Townesend's Building, after William Townesend of Oxford who erected it. This notable mason-architect (d. 1739) has recently been the subject of a study by Mr. W. G. Hiscock (*Architectural Review*, October, 1945), who has advanced convincing reasons for regarding Townesend as the man really responsible for that group of early 18th-century Oxford buildings variously assigned to Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor, and Dr. George Clarke, which includes the front quad and screen of Queen's College, the Clarendon Building, Christ Church Library, Pembroke College Chapel, and possibly Worcester College and Shotover Park. For most of these great works, of which Townesend was undoubtedly the builder, one or other of the better-known authors are known to have supplied designs, but in no instance were they carried out accordingly, and in each case all are improvements on the design as built. If, as seems tolerably certain, Townesend was responsible for the final versions as well as for the construction, he must be regarded as an architect of distinction in his own right.



4.—TOWNESEND'S BUILDING IN ITS SETTING OF EVERGREENS



5.—HEYFORD BRIDGE AS SEEN FROM TOWNESEND'S BUILDING



6.—A SERPENTINE RILL FROM THE COLD BATH TO THE GREAT POND IN VENUS'S VALE

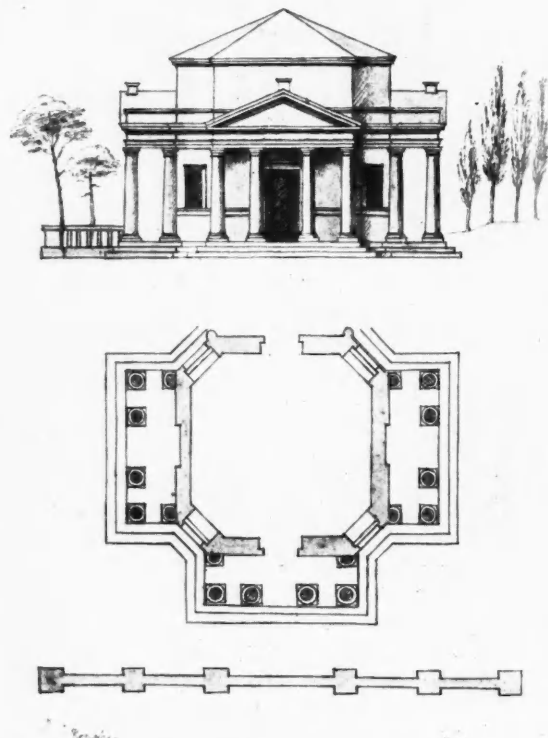


7.—THE COLD BATH



8.—TOWNSEND'S BUILDING; A RUSTIC DORIC TEMPLE

The reason for his introduction at Rousham was probably his reputation for executing classical masonry, and the General's impatience to get the temple built, seeing that the available local builders were all engaged on the house and stables. But I cannot accept Mr. Hiscock's claim that he designed the temple. A plan and elevation for a more elaborate version of it is preserved (Fig. 9). The basic plan is the same in both cases: a rectangle with canted corners and a pyramidal roof, but the drawing is for a building larger in scale and with three porticoes. Comparison of the drawing with sketches at Chatsworth by Kent for Chiswick House leaves no doubt that the unexecuted design is by him; the calligraphy of the trees introduced on either side is identical and characteristic. As built, the scale is reduced, the side porticoes omitted, and the front one reduced to two columns *in antis*. But the whole, with the exaggerated entasis of the columns, the curiously rusticated frieze, decided mouldings, and wide, plain surfaces, is clearly by Kent. The General, valuing Kent's friendship and soliciting his continued visits, would not have dared to call in a rival architect, and a provincial one at that, to



9.—KENT'S FIRST DESIGN FOR TOWNSEND'S BUILDING

design so important an adjunct of Kent's garden. Nor, in Townsend's letter on the matter, is there any suggestion of his having supplied the design. On December 31, 1738, he wrote to the General:

Honoured Sir, I have been at Rousham where your gardener shew'd me the place you propose to erect your building and assures me that there will be no occasion to dig above 2 ft. deep before I shall meet with sufficient foundation, in confidence of which I have sent the estimate as under... Hedington stone wrought according to the design... Total £135

Though by March "Townsend's people are not yet come," in November the "planting by Townsend's building" was being discussed, also the removal of trees "obscuring the sight of the Pyramid and Arcade."

These views can scarcely have been from Townsend's Building, the portico of which looks towards the medieval Heyford Bridge. Early landscape designers sought (as the Earl of Chatham put it) "a considerable object to terminate the vista," ready-made and genuinely romantic if possible, fabricated if not. Notable examples of existing structures incorporated in lay-outs of this epoch are the ruins of Fountains Abbey integrated with the garden of Studley Royal, and of Rievaulx with Duncombe Park. The bridge, however, seems to have been deemed insufficiently picturesque by itself, for a little way up-stream beyond it an old mill was titivated, probably by Kent, into "The Temple of the Mill" (Fig. 11), and on the skyline of



10.—SKETCH BY KENT (?) FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE MILL AND "THE EYE CATCHER," NORTH OF HEYFORD BRIDGE

a ledge a mile or so behind it a sham ruin was erected shaped as a wide gable with arches (Fig. 10). It was ingenuously called after its purpose "the Eye Catcher." A contemporary verse was written "On General Dormer's building in Aston Field."

The return from this farthest extent of the circuit seems to have been intended to be by the Elm Walk (Fig. 3). On the direction of circulation depended, incidentally, the way the statue at the end of it should face, so, in June '39 we find White enquiring about "this Colossus . . . at the top of the ascent to the Elm Walk. Which way is it to face, to the road or the walk?" It is facing the former, and the fact that Praeneste is in sight up the walk but masked from the direction of the house, shows that the return route was this way, the outward path being that by the terrace over Praeneste to the top of Venus's Vale then down the serpentine walk significantly named on the plan "the new grass walk to Townesend's Building." While on the subject of statues it is interesting to find that the General liked his lead figures painted white to look like marble. There is a letter mentioning Lovell the painter arriving with "proper colours for painting the busts" and Venus being set in the hall for treatment by him. It is remains of old coatings of paint that help to give 18th-century figures their pleasantly varied patine.

There remain to be noted several subsidiary buildings off the main tour of the garden. The Pyramid House, already referred



11.—THE TEMPLE OF THE MILL. THE COTTAGE WAS "RUSTICATED" TO FORM AN OBJECT



12.—LOOKING ACROSS THE CHERWELL FROM "THE PYRAMID BUILDING"

to, is an otherwise plain stone structure with a pyramidal roof (now hung with tiles) set against the steep bushy bank below the kitchen garden east of the Bowling Green. Its purpose was probably to furnish, and provide a seat in, a pleasing natural amphitheatre looking over the river (Fig. 12) which, according to the plan, was origin-

ally shaded by an open grove of trees. On the south side of the Paddock is an imposing doorway to the public road (Fig. 14). Adjoining it is a battlemented lodge with a tower, in the base of which is an arch forming a sitting-place shaded by a venerable yew (Fig. 13). The doorway is a noble Palladian piece of channelled ashlar, flanked by niches containing a pair of white marble statues, which is Kent in his Holkham mood. The lodge is castellated like the houses, from which it was designed to be seen. It opens on to a lawn separated from the Paddock by a ha-ha and is flanked by a pair of noble urns. This entrance may have been intended for visitors to the garden and the lodge for someone to attend to them and for their shelter in showery weather. Two early and distinguished visitors are alluded to in a letter of White's of October, 1740:

Lords Chesterfield and Bathurst called on their way from Stowe to Bath, staid no longer time than sufficient to take a view of the house and gardens together with a small refreshment of bread and cheese and wine.

They were precursors of a steady stream of admiring "tourists," and those who, like Mrs. Delaney, left records of their impressions, tended to say that "charming as Stowe certainly is, I own a partiality for Rousham." One of them, Wilson's pupil Thomas Jones, staying with Oldfield Bowles at North Aston 1773-4, painted the landscape at the head of this article. It compresses the extent of Kent's Daphne but catches the "perfectly classic" quality of its scenes.



13.—LODGE AND ENTRY TO THE GARDEN IN THE PADDOCK



14.—KENT'S DOORWAY TO THE PADDOCK

COLLECTING SEA SNAKES—II

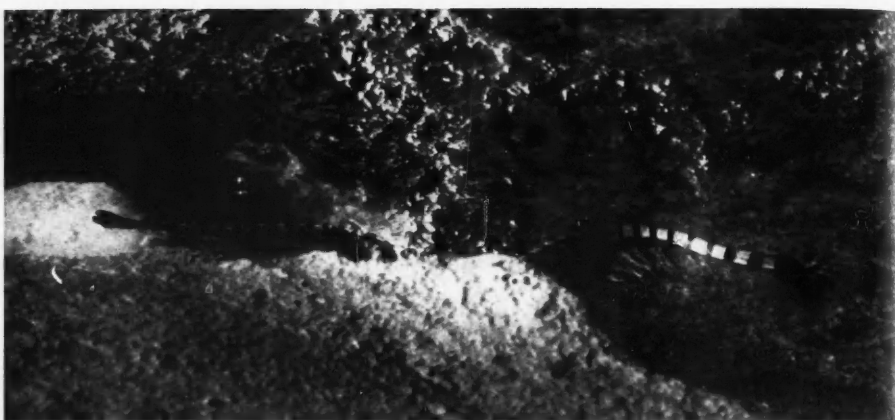
THE ASHMORE REEF By MALCOLM SMITH

THE Ashmore Reef is a group of atolls lying between the Island of Timor and the north coast of Australia. It stands on the edge of the Sahul Shelf, that stretch of shallow water which, when the Ice Age drained the ocean and lowered its level all the world over by many fathoms, was dry land and a part of Australia. Like most coral reefs, the atolls rise only a few feet above sea level and at high tide are covered almost entirely by water. The largest one, called Ashmore Island, is some four miles long at low water and has three tiny points of land, the East, Middle, and West Islands, that rise to a height of eight or nine feet. No one lives there, but when the monsoon wind is blowing from the north, the native fishermen of Timor and the neighbouring islands sail down to it to collect *bêche de mer*, that succulent sea-slug esteemed by the Chinese for making soup.

When I went to Timor on a zoological expedition, I heard a great deal about the Reef from the native fishermen. For the marine biologist it sounded a wonderful hunting ground, but its particular interest to me lay in the fact that it abounded with sea snakes. The waters of the lagoon, I was told, seethed with them; the reefs were strewn with them. There was, in addition, the fascination of the unknown. No naturalist had yet visited the Reef; no account of it had been published. The spirit of adventure whispered, "Get a boat and go and see it for yourself."

Unfortunately, my visit to Timor was a bit too early in the year. It was April. The wind was still blowing up from Australia and it would be six weeks or more before it changed. It was the tail of the monsoon, but there was still plenty of sting left in it. Short, fierce squalls blew daily, alternating with dead calms, but occasionally the wind was in the right direction. With luck it could be done; I could not afford the time to wait; I took a chance.

I inspected boats and soon found one that seemed to suit my purpose admirably, a small two-masted schooner, with a length of some 45 feet and a beam of 12. It had been built only the year before and was guaranteed seaworthy. There was a tiny cabin aft in which I could sleep; the crew lived on deck. The owner asked 25 guilders a day for it—about £3—but as that included a crew of 10, and they



LATICAUDA COLUBRINA IN THE SNAKE TEMPLE NEAR TABANAU, S. BALI

fed themselves, it did not seem extravagant. Living was cheap in Timor. With my own native collector, a Siamese, we made up a party of 12.

The captain and his second-in-command were Malays; the rest of the crew were Timorese, a wild-looking lot, with thin, dark features and fuzzy hair. They looked like Papuans and had the same vociferous manners. They were all used to the sea and most of them had been to the Reef several times.

In four days the boat was ready. Not much was needed in the way of stores. The journey down was expected to take three days; there was plenty of fish to eat on the Reef, and some might be caught on the way. All that the crew required was rice, salt and sugar, and enough dried fish to feed them on the voyage.

On April 9 we set sail from Kupang, the capital of Timor. At the extreme south-west point of Timor lies the island of Rotti, and to reach the open sea beyond it the Straits of Rotti have to be traversed. There our troubles began. Halfway through the straits the wind dropped and for 36 hours we lay becalmed. The land on either side was not more than a mile away, but the captain refused to go ashore. The wind, he said, might get up at any moment and we must be ready for it. The heat through the day was terrific, for there was no shelter on the boat, and the only interesting spectacle that relieved the monotony of that calm was a school of whale sharks that visited us in the morning and the evening.

At daybreak the following morning the wind sprang up. We were quickly under way, through the straits, and bowling at a good pace down the east coast of Rotti, heading for the open sea. Soon we had left Rotti behind. But our luck did not last long. At noon a squall struck us and the record of the next four days is one of a succession of storms, all blowing up from the south. In between them we made what headway we could, only to be blown back again. Rotti refused to be shaken off. I saw it on our port bow; it disappeared; I saw it on our starboard; and one afternoon we were so close to it that we landed at a fishing village to get a further supply of food. At the end of four days we were where we had started.

The storms did not last long. We could see them racing towards us from miles away, a wall of black cloud with, underneath, a line of white foaming water. Suddenly there was a gust of cold wind, the sun was blotted out as by an eclipse, and then, like a slap in the face, the squall hit us and the rain was falling in torrents. In half an hour, or an hour at the most, it was over. The wind dropped; the sun

came out again; the crew took off their clothes and spread them out to dry; for a few hours we had respite.

At last, with a favourable wind, we got fairly away and the captain told me that on the following day we might expect to reach the Reef. When daylight broke there was nothing in sight but the open sea. We sailed on. Every hour a man climbed the mast and scanned the horizon. Then at midday some gulls passed us, flying overhead. The captain pointed them out to me. "They are going to the Reef," he said. "Now we follow them."

Then it flashed upon me that what I had been suspecting for several days was really true. My friend the captain, with all his experience of sailing, knew nothing whatever about the science of navigation. He was a fine seaman. The way he handled the boat when those storms struck us was magnificent. With all sails furled and only the jib set, he would put the boat's head into the wind and hold her steady. Sometimes he lost control and, wallowing sideways in the troughs, I thought we should turn completely over. In the art of handling the craft he had nothing to learn, but his means of locating his position were largely guesswork. We were back to the days of the Phoenicians.

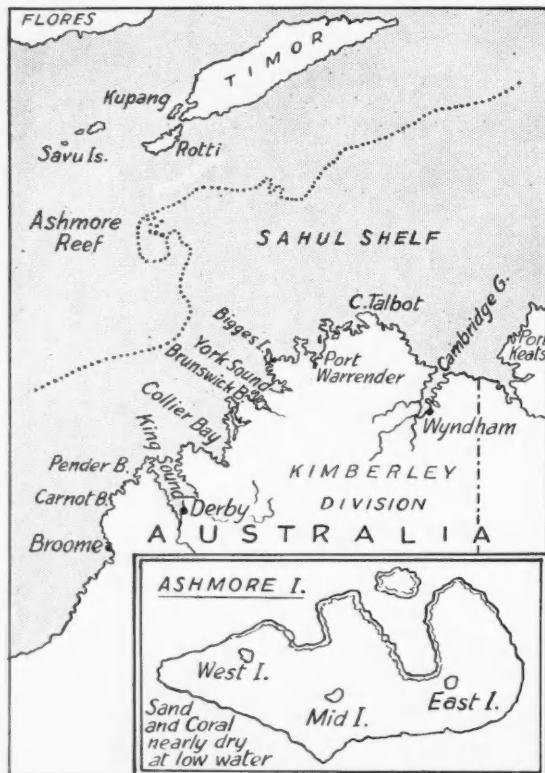
He had a small pocket compass, at which he looked occasionally, but he never really trusted it. He always checked it by the sun, upon which he knew he could rely. And, after all, if you don't know exactly where you are, a needle pointing north and south is not very helpful. The sun could tell him as much. Consciously or unconsciously—I don't know which—he watched its track all day long. It gave him the points of the compass; it told him the time as near as he ever required it. Even at midday, when it stood overhead, he knew his direction. The sun was his guide; it never failed him; and in those latitudes the days when it did not shine were very rare. As I learned then, to sail from Timor to the Reef when the monsoon favoured you was not difficult. Leaving Rotti behind you sailed due south; when the island disappeared below the horizon, you kept your course; in six or seven hours more you saw the gulls and followed them.

On the evening of April 19 we reached our destination. Never have I seen such a forbidding spot. It was not like any reef that I had visited before, but was more like some huge black raft floating upon the water. At times it seemed to heave up and down with the swell.

From our boat I could not see the main lagoon, but the entrance to it, the captain said, was narrow and difficult, and he would not attempt it in the daylight that remained. There was no anchorage; we must stand off and cruise about for the night.

I never saw the Reef again. When daylight came next morning, it had disappeared. The worst storm that we had yet experienced came on in the night and blew us miles away.

The next two days were a nightmare. Squall after squall blew us north and, to make matters

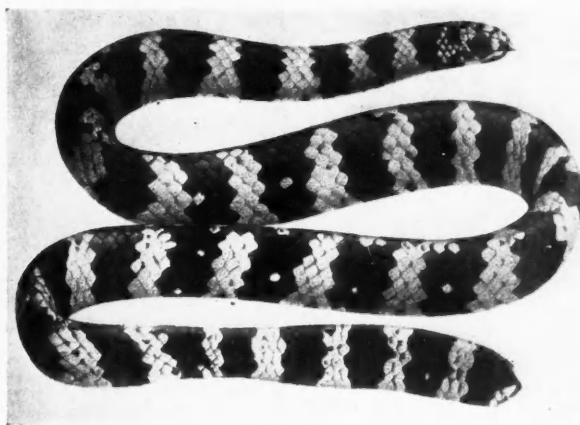


worse, we began to ship water and the crew had to bail continuously. There was a pump on board, but it would not work. The nights were the worst time, for it was pitch dark. We slept in snatches when we could.

On the evening of the second day I asked the captain if he knew our position. He said he thought we must be somewhere to the east of Rotti. How much of that remark was guess-work I cannot say, but he was right. When daylight came next morning, there was Rotti once again—grinning sarcastically at me, I thought—far away on the western horizon. I could not help admiring the man. If my only hat had not blown overboard the day before, I would have taken it off to him.

There was nothing left for us now but to make for home. The weather showed no signs of improving, and our stores were nearly finished; the crew were reduced to eating rice and salt. There was not much water left; we never carried more than enough for drinking purposes. Yet with Rotti in sight and Kupang just round the corner, it took us three days to get in. The captain said he had never known such weather. When I landed on the morning of April 24, burned black with the sun and the wind, and wearing a basket on my head to take the place of the hat I had lost, my wife—who had been watching our arrival—came up to ask me what had become of her husband.

That was the end of my voyage to the Ashmore Reef, but it is not the end of the story. What looked like a complete defeat was to end in a victory. When I left the boat the captain told me that, as soon as the monsoon changed, he was going back to the reef and would collect snakes for me. So to him I handed my two tanks and the nets that had been made for the purpose. The tanks were filled with formalised spirit. Sea snakes have a lot of fat in their organs and require a strong preservative. Methylated spirit alone the men might have been tempted to drink; 5 per cent. of formalin added would, I thought, deter the most



EMYDOCEPHALUS ANNULATUS FROM WILLEY'S ZOOLOGICAL RESULTS

hardened toper. The payment for the catch was left with a merchant in Timor. It was fixed at five cents a specimen and, as far as the men could distinguish one species from another, they were not to collect more than 12 specimens of any one species.

Then I left for England.

For nine months there was no news. I gave up the tanks as lost. I said: "The beggars have stolen them—they were made of copper to resist the action of formalin—and have drunk the spirit and are dead." I pictured their corpses rotting on the reef. Then a letter arrived from the merchant. The boat had been away for six months and had just returned. The tanks were full of snakes; he had paid for a hundred; if the tanks had been larger I could have had a thousand; they were being dispatched. Six weeks later they arrived.

Never shall I forget that day. A rapid glance through the collection told me that it was something quite unusual. Of the 53 species of sea snake known to science, 38 belong to the sub-family *Hydrophiinae*. Its members abound

in Oriental waters; they form 99 per cent. of all the collections made in that region. I had expected, therefore, in my tanks to find large numbers of the *Hydrophiinae* commonly known to inhabit the north coast of Australia, with some rarities and, perhaps, a new species. Nothing of the sort; there were no *Hydrophiinae*. The collection was composed entirely of the other sub-family, namely, the *Laticaudinae*, and, what was more remarkable, they all belonged, with one exception, to a single genus *Aepyurus*, previously known only from a few individuals. Of the five species then known to compose that genus, three were in the Ashmore collection and two more were new to science.

Now it is a pretty well established fact among naturalists that every species has its own ecological niche in Nature, and that closely allied species do not live together under the same conditions. Yet here were five species, all closely related to one another, and all living together. The one exception was a snake called *Emydocephalus annulatus*, a different genus, but still a near relative. It was an unexpected state of affairs. It was as if one had landed on a small island and found it inhabited almost entirely by different species of thrush (*Turdus*), or different species of squirrel (*Sciurus*).

The *Laticaudinae* have ventral shields and can crawl on land. They are never seen far out to sea and they spend a good deal of their time on the seashore, living on rocky coasts for preference, where they have plenty of hiding places. The Ashmore Reef must have been an ideal spot for them, its coral stretches, with innumerable pools, awash with every tide, giving them exactly the habitat they required. Whether the other reefs in that vast stretch of the Sahul Shelf—and there are many—have the same remarkable sea snake fauna I do not know, but the Great Barrier Reef, on the east coast of Australia, where collections have been made on an extensive scale, can show nothing to compare with it.

The first article on this subject appeared on May 24

THE FOUR GREY WINNERS OF THE DERBY

ONE of the most important—or to my mind even sensational—features of the Derby has been but briefly mentioned in the sporting Press, and that is that Airborne is only the fourth grey horse to win the Classic since the twelfth Earl of Derby inaugurated the race in 1780. Gustavus, which won in 1821, was the first of this coloration to score; the filly Tagalie, which, with Johnny Reiff on her back, won for Mr. Raphael in 1912, was the second; Mahmoud, which carried Charlie Smirke to victory in the colours of the Aga Khan ten years ago, was the third; and now Airborne, a grey son of Precipitation, has completed the quartet.

The grey coloration, or rather the lack of coloration, in the racehorse is not only one of the most romantic stories of the Turf, but it is of interest to scientists in that it is the finest and most complete example of the continuation of the germ-plasm and the hereditary factors contained therein, from generation to generation.

To begin with, as the late Mr. J. B. Robertson proved, the greyness is not actually a colour but is an absence of colour due to an inherited inhibitory factor in one or both of the parents which prevents the flow of pigment into the hair cells. From this it follows that to be a grey it is necessary to have had at least one grey parent. Instances have occurred in the General Stud Book which appear to contradict this, but from analysis and enquiry, it has been found that the apparent discrepancies are due to the too-early registration of the coloration of foals, some of which appear in early life to be browns, but later turn out to be greys.

Every grey racehorse in this country and so, in all probability, in the world has an origin in either Alcock's Arabian or else the Brownlow Turk, or a junction of the two lines.

Take Airborne's pedigree and trace his inheritance of the inhibitory factor for colour.

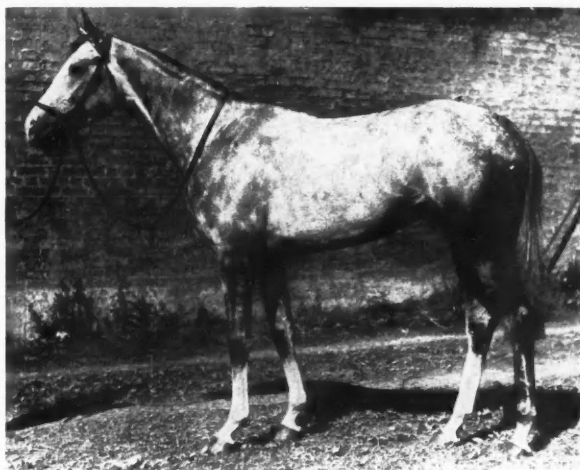
His sire, Precipitation, was a chestnut, but he came from the grey mare Bouquet, whose dam was the grey mare Hellespont, she from the grey mare Barrier, a daughter of the grey Grey Leg, which won the City and Suburban and many other races worth in all £6,644.

Grey Leg's sire was the grey horse Pepper and Salt, which was out of the grey mare Oxford Mixture, she from the grey mare Irish Belle, which was out of the grey mare Colleen Dhas, she by the grey horse Rust.

Like the grey Drone, from which The Tetrarch and Tagalie descend, Rust was by the grey Master Robert, which came from the grey Spinster, a daughter of a grey unnamed daughter of Sir Peter, which was out of the grey mare Bab.

Bab had the inhibitory factor on both sides of her pedigree, as she was by the grey horse Bordeaux from the grey mare Speranza. The former traces through his grey dam; her grey sire and his grey dam to the grey Childers mare, which was from Miss Belvoir, a grey daughter of Grey Grantham, which was a grey and was by the grey Brownlow Turk. Speranza, on the other hand, was from the grey mare Virago, she from the grey unnamed daughter of Regulus, which was out of a grey sister to Othello, she by the grey horse Crab, which was a son of the grey Alcock's Arabian.

That, succinctly put, shows the inheritance of Airborne's greyness, which, if his origin is attributed to Alcock's Arabian, descends



R. Anson

AIRBORNE, THE DERBY WINNER

directly to him through 19 ancestors in a total number of 524,288 and in a pedigree containing 1,048,574 names. If, on the other hand, the Brownlow Turk is taken as the responsible origin, it means that Airborne's greyness has come directly down to him through 21 out of 2,097,152 ancestors in a pedigree containing 4,194,302 names. These figures, amazing though they are, can be taken as reliable, as they have been obtained from Lady Wentworth's *Thoroughbred Racing Stock*.

It is a strange thing that all four grey Derby winners have inherited their greyness or the inhibitory factor causing it from their female lines. There is still a deal to elucidate. ROYSTON.

SLOW, HOW SLOWLY

A Golf Commentary by
BERNARD DARWIN

SOME small excitement appears to have arisen at a professional tournament the other day when one very important person claimed to pass another rather less important one in front of him, who was alleged to be holding up the course. I am not going to say anything about it, for the incident is closed and, in any case, I was not there and know nothing of the rights or wrongs of it.

It does, however, bring to my mind as a possible topic the distaste, whether conscious or unconscious, that we feel for those playing immediately in front of us and all the minor miseries and irritations of passing. If I were to play golf now I am painfully aware that I should keep the course back, which is one of the reasons why I do not attempt it; I have no desire to excite more than absolutely unavoidable loathing in the breasts of my fellow creatures, and "loathing" is not too strong a word; we do hate that couple in front.

It may not be their fault, and we may know perfectly well that it is not, since they are being kept back in their turn; but their waggles, their genuflexions on the green, the monstrous time they take in choosing the right club, all so unlike our own brisk and decided movements, are hard to bear. I am afraid we are in this matter afflicted by golfing snobbishness. If we are held up by four scratch players we are comparatively patient, but if, as used to be possible at St. Andrews, we are behind four octogenarians, including one bishop, we grow restive. And yet our own pace may be in no way affected one way or the other, since neither the scratch players nor the octogenarians can do more than travel at the pace of the green.

In that respect St. Andrews in September has always provided the most admirable moral discipline. It does not matter two straws who is in front of us, the result will always be the same. If we go out a little quicker than usual we shall come back a little slower, and vice versa. In the end the round will have consumed three hours.

In these conditions there are only two actions on the part of those in front which entitle us to be cross and, even though we had better refrain, to shout a raucous and unmannerly "Fore!" One such occasion is when they insist on trying their putts over again; the other, which justifies almost anything, is when they take out horrid little notebooks and write down their scores before leaving the green. They are clearly honest, truthful and accurate persons, much more so than we are who reckon our scores by an average of fours or fives and so allow ourselves a little margin for mendacity; but for heaven's sake let them be honest on the next tee and not on the green!

Of course, there are cases in which we are kept back by those who have a clear green in front of them with no excuse, and that raises the whole question why some people play so much more slowly than others. No doubt age has often something to do with it, and so has sheer incompetence of striking, but there is often a vast difference in speed between players of much the same age and the same degree of skill. I suppose that different people have different speeds in performing all the actions of life, such as putting on their clothes or taking them off, or having a bath. How we do hate the man who has beaten us in the race to the bathroom by a short head, and how intolerably deliberate he appears while we wait with sponge and towel, metaphorically champing our bits!

There is the same difference in playing golf, and nothing will change it. If I had to name one reason more than another why some people are so slow it would be that they never think ahead. They moon along in a dream, and it is only when they get up to their ball that they begin to apply their minds as to what is to be done next. They may have played the hole and the shot a hundred times, but it presents itself to them as an entirely fresh problem to be considered *de novo*.

I said just now that nothing could change such sluggards, but, now I come to think of it, that is not true. There was a time, a good many years ago now, when American golfers acquired a reputation here for being inordinately slow. And slow they were. They took practice swings (there was a now legendary character, Dr. Fredericks of Oil City, who was alleged to take three before every shot he played), and these were not mere careless little switches executed when the player was walking up to his ball, but careful and elaborate full swings executed in the most painstaking possible manner.

Then suddenly there came a great revulsion; American golfers seemed to reach the conclusion that such behaviour was tiresome and thereupon resolved in a body to cut it out. They did so with such entire success that they made us in our turn seem laboured and ponderous. They were serious and earnest, as was only proper, but they played delightfully quick and without fuss. Whenever I have looked at two members of an American Walker Cup side playing against one another in an Amateur Championship, I have thought it the pleasantest of all matches to watch and a valuable lesson.

I think we went through a bad time of slowness ourselves a good many years ago. I wish I could remember how long one couple, good players both, were supposed to have taken to play the 19th hole in one Championship at St. Andrews. They were carefully timed, and I am sure they took over a quarter of an hour. I incline to think that the exact time was seventeen minutes. One of them, an old friend of mine now dead, was unquestionably deliberate. To begin with, he walked very slowly (to be sure, he wore very big boots). Next, when he reached his ball he was like the schoolboy in Calverley's poem who, when posed with a problem, would look from heaven to earth and vice versa.

And smile and look politely round,
To catch a casual suggestion;
But make no effort to propound
Any solution of the question.

A COLLECTOR'S QUESTION

THE UNFORTUNATE TURK

To the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE.

SIR,—I have in my possession an oil painting on canvas measuring $34\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches inside the frame. It was bought at Christie's about ten years ago and before that came from a house in Essex where it had hung for several generations. It is unsigned, but I think there can be little doubt, from comparison with known pictures by Henry Walton (notably Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Fruit Barrow*) that it is by that artist.

Walton (1720 to 1790) is said to have been an amateur and was probably not very productive, for his known pictures are rare and his merits have perhaps been rather swamped by the much more prolific Wheatley and other contemporary painters in a similar genre, though he was a much more considerable artist than any of them. Wheatley could never have rendered so hauntingly the expression of noble dignity and desperate sorrow displayed on the face of the unfortunate Turk in this picture.

But it is on the subject of the picture rather than on the identity of the painter that I should be glad of further information.

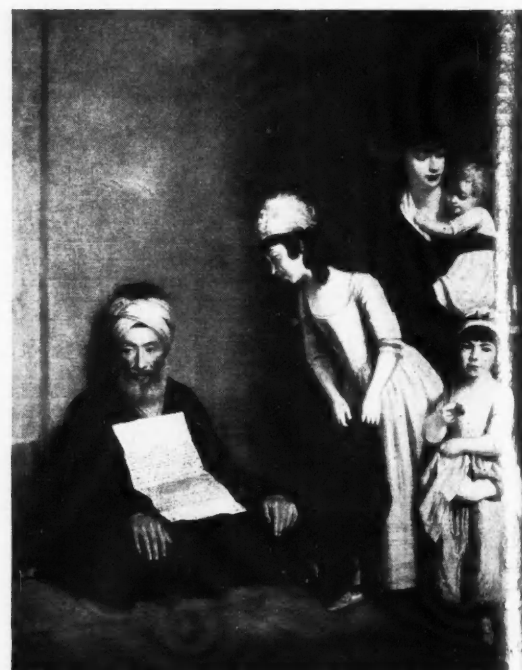
It had not occurred to me, until I had the picture cleaned and photographed, that the placard might be legible (in the picture it measures

Finally, the stroke having at length been played and the putting green reached, he would lie down on his stomach and contemplate the line in a gentle, musing manner. If I remember rightly, he won that Marathon at the 19th hole.

As far as I know he "hath not left his peer," or at least I thought not till I saw one or two of the competitors at Birkdale. There was, indeed, one player in an English Championship in the few years between wars who probably broke all records in point of slowness, but he, poor man, was suffering from a positive disease of waggling. He simply could not make up his mind to stop his preliminary addresses and hit the ball. He was more to be pitied than blamed—but it was hard on his opponents. Incidentally, when Tommy Armour won the Open Championship at Carnoustie, he had this disease very badly, not in his long shots, when he played without a moment's hesitation, but in the little chips from close to the green. I remember watching one of these chips at a short hole on the way home, and feeling that I really must scream aloud if something did not happen soon; but he laid it dead in the end, and to win a championship despite that recurrent agony was a wonderful effort.

Slowness is exasperating, but there is almost as much exasperation connected with passing as with being kept back. There are some who yield a grudging assent to the request to pass, and that makes for discomfort. There are others who wave to their pursuers bidding them come on, and then, having found their lost ball, rush forward once more. They are wholly outside the pale of Christianity.

But even when we are allowed to go through with the most engaging politeness our troubles are not necessarily over. From our anxiety to hit a good shot and so go through quickly and with an air, we are extremely likely to make a bad one and even lose our own ball. We may be like a crew in a bumping race who, having bumped the boat in front of them one night, are re-bumped on the next. That is the ultimate humiliation.



OIL PAINTING OF ESACK BASHA, A TURKISH REFUGEE, ASCRIBED TO HENRY WALTON

only about five inches by three) but, with the help of an enlarged photograph and a strong magnifying glass, I found that it could be quite clearly read, the only illegible passages being those where there is a fold in the paper and where the writing would not in the nature of things be legible from the standpoint of the observer. I take this to have been an intentional bit of realism on the part of the painter. The execution is a miracle of miniature script and is carried out apparently with the brush and not with the pen.

The placard tells us the story of the awful plight of the figure in the picture and reads as follows:—

"To all charitable Gentlemen and Ladies, whom the Lord bless,

The Humble Petition of Esack Basha, Merchant, from Bender, in Turkey, sheweth that when Bender was taken by the Russians from the Turks in the late War, your Petitioner lost all his Merchandizes and Property he had in the world, and his wife, four daughters and two sons were put to the sword, and your

Petitioner, with his two remaining sons, with the greatest difficulty escaped to Dantzick, where your said Petitioner lost his two said sons, and being informed they had shipped themselves for London, where your said Petitioner followed them in hopes to find them with the most diligent search and cannot hear anything of them; whereby your humble Petitioner is reduced to the greatest Distress and Poverty and is not able to return (several lines illegible) be pleased to enable a poor Turk, aged 80 years, who has suffered two years of slavery and to-day is past all (word illegible) and is almost starving, be pleased to take (several words illegible) and out of that humanity for which the English Nation is so universally characterised most humbly begs all Charitable and Noble hearts to extend their worthy charity towards him and as in Duty will ever pray for all his worthy Benefactors and this worthy and Noble Nation."

Bender (called Bendery in some modern maps) is on the Dniester in Bessarabia, and its siege by the Russians (it was then in Turkish

territory) took place in 1770. It lasted for two months and when the town was finally taken on September 27, two-thirds of the population perished and the losses of the Russians were so enormous that Catherine the Great is said to have admonished her general, Count Panin, that it were better not to have taken such a town than to win it at such a price.

History repeats itself and the fate of Bender in 1770 recalls that of the not far distant Odessa and Sebastopol in recent times, while Bender itself figured again in the Russian war reports not so long ago in the Russian advance into Bessarabia and across the Dniester. The sad plight of Esack Basha is to-day shared by thousands of refugees all over the world.

This unfortunate Turk would be a striking figure anywhere and he and his piteous appeal must have been a well-known sight and object of interest in the London streets of the period. Is any other representation of him known, or can any mention of him be found in contemporary letters, newspapers or memoirs?—GEORGE KIDSTON, *Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wiltshire.*

CABIN CRUISING

By NEGLEY FARSON

SINCE the days when the early Christian hermits (later sainted) went off to live alone among the lions of the North African deserts, men have been trying to get away from other men. From "the ways of man," in fact. And can you blame them? I had the conviction, amply confirmed by later life, that at the age of 16 I had the right idea. I loathed the sense of values (what all the upright citizens were living by) of my father's small American river-town. When he said to me, which he constantly did, "Life is cruel," I always replied, "Why should it be?" To which I invariably got a most disheartening, even frightening, reply.

Therefore as Huckleberry Finn was (and still is) my most beloved-in-hero—a far greater person than Robinson Crusoe—I deliberately bought a boat—to free me from that town. She was an 18-foot gunning skiff. She was a horror (although a lovely one), when I invested my entire worldly wealth, £5, to become her undisputed owner. Her garboard strakes could have had a pencil pushed through them; and there were several places (you cannot caulk a clinker-built boat) where the copper rivets had pulled through. Nevertheless, ingenuity, and an exciting winter working on her in my father's cellar, saw me sailing down the Delaware Bay, after school closed in June, as much a master of my own destiny (for that summer) as Captain Ahab of the *Pequod*.

I had no white whale to pursue or to plague me. I had merely open water, and freedom from being bossed by anybody else, as my quest. But—and you can imagine what it meant to a boy of 16—I had, when I reached it, via the old moss-hung Delaware and Chesapeake Canal (dug by the slaves during the American Civil War) about 150 miles of the glorious Chesapeake Bay to roam at will. And it was glorious. I spent most of that summer naked; stole fruit or anything else that I could lay my hands on—melons and maize were legitimate (what soul so dead that its owner has not robbed an apple orchard?); but when, being somewhat *more* than hungry, I actually stole a tin of food from the counter of a sleepy country grocery store—ah, that day (having eaten its contents) I felt that perhaps the predictions of my father, and the neighbours, were probably correct: I was going to "come to no good" (perhaps I haven't?). But my companion for the latter part of that deliciously happy summer is now an admiral in the American Navy, said to be its foremost naval architect. And—talk about the long arm of coincidence—we almost met in Moscow in 1942.

Two years later, the *Nimrod*, for that was the name I gave her, was, after giving me many happy, carefree days, stolen by some Italian railway workers. I can only hope they got the same thrills out of her that I did. But those two years had taught me something, a cardinal fact about boating: you cannot trust that you will find a place ashore where you can sleep at nights—and a cabin is essential. That is why I have

called this article *Cabin Cruising*. And the culmination of the cabin, in my water-life, was that of the 26-ft. Norfolk Broads yawl, the *Flame*, which I sailed across Europe in 1925 from Rotterdam, in peaceful Holland, to the marshy mouth of the Danube at Sulina on the Black Sea.

After *Nimrod* I bought a boat which I very appropriately called *Polecat*. She deserved the name. She was a condemned 25-ft. U.S. Government cutter, whose ignominious end had been to ferry coal to certain lighthouses. She had been bought at a sale at the League Island Navy Yard, just outside Philadelphia, by the man who used to be kept aboard my father's



MR. FARSON (right) AND A COMPANION ON THE BOWSPRIT OF THE 11½-TON YAWL ANNA DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE BAY

boat. My father had been forced, by bad times, to sell his sloop. And Carmen, this was the old man, had bought this cutter not to sail but to live in. He had pulled her ashore, caulked her seams against the winter winds by simply running hot tar in them (she was also clinker-built); then, having the "rheumatics," he had decided that she would be the death of him. So he sold her to me for four dollars (16s.) . . . and she was very nearly the death of me.

Why? Well, in a heavy seaway, she opened and shut like an accordion. I developed an abnormal bicep-strength that summer, simply because I had to bail *Polecat* so constantly to keep her afloat. My brother and I never dared

to go to sleep before midnight, at which time we set the alarm clock for seven and, with the floor-boards always floating, began to bail almost before our sleepy eyes were open. Also she had an iron stove, just an ordinary kitchen range, on the port side, whose tin stove-pipe we used to stick through the cabin's roof when any cooking was in progress. It weighed a ton, or so it seemed to us, on one very terrifying occasion. This was when, running for shore to get shelter from a blow, when we had been fishing over the Cross Ledge Light—the stove fetched loose. We were held down by it, luckily on the same tack, nearly half-way across the wide, tumbling Delaware Bay, until we reached a creek in the muddy marshes of the flat New Jersey shore. I have seldom been more glad to get to any place in all my life.

I have always regretted that I had to write *Sailing Across Europe*, the story of that eight-month cruise in *Flame*, for a newspaper syndicate. But I had to have the money, in 1925, and my owner-publisher said to me: "Do not make the mistake of thinking I am employing you to write a series of yachting articles. People soon get bored by boats (do they?), and what we want is the very thing that you have suggested: a weekly commentary on the countries of Europe—as seen *not* from the capitals." So, time after time, from peaceful Holland to the raw, ice-coated coast of Rumania, I would, thrilled by that day's excitements, sit at my typewriter, placed on the centre-board table, and begin an article—only to have to tear it up.

Now I kick myself that I did not keep *all* that rejected manuscript; for things happen to you—especially certain thoughts—that even items in the best-kept notebook cannot recapture. How can you recall all the feelings engendered by taking a boat up the Lower Rhine, then up the Rhine itself, then up the racing river Main, then—and for a couple of weeks, like any tow-horse, I pulled it—over the old, almost forgotten Ludwig's Canal, which climbs, in a series of 107 locks, over the fantastically lovely Frankischer Jura mountains. The "hump" of Europe. The Prince-Bishop country.

But I did keep a full log. And my wife, my crew on this eight-month water adventure, kept an even better one. So now I read an item on the Danube: "Sturgeon, 4 mallards . . ." and see the barren Bulgarian shore (palisaded), the yellow gourds of the sturgeon floats bobbing; and me . . . with a duck coming down, shot. . . . And there was one place where we slept off three different countries on three consecutive nights: Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania.

Now here, on this eight months, was the very apex of cabin cruising. For example, every night, when anchored, I had to decide what place, village or open river, we would aim to anchor off for the next night. You can't just nonchalantly pop an anchor down, thinking you are going to be safe from passing traffic, in either the crowded Rhine or the lovely Danube. We drew only 2½ feet, with our board up; yet,

even so, a big steamer or towing tug in the Upper Danube seldom draws over 6 feet; and for scores of miles the water is more than that depth right up to the river bank. In Hungary, below Budapest, we even anchored directly behind those strange watermills which are anchored permanently in mid-stream. No steamer was going to run them down, or us—if we lay close enough to their sterns.

So there was a test, a mental challenge, a water-problem that I had to solve (and successfully) every night. And you can take it from me that I was always very modest about it. I picked a place for the next night's anchorage well inside the distance that I thought we might have made. Not that we always made even that proposed day's run.

Usually, except in the swamps of Rumania where there are no such things, I picked a village of some sort. Our shopping interests. Special cheeses and sausages in fat and prosperous Holland; the *hock* and *liverwurst* that we began to enjoy in Germany; venison in Bavaria; always maize, sweet corn, in the Danube countries—until winter began to set down on us—and, oh taunting memory, the goose-liver paté that was cheaper than butter in Hungary. Butter? Have you ever tried to eat butter made from buffalo-milk? Don't. But that was all we could get, in the "shape" of butter, in many a Lower Danube village.

And then—we were frozen in. We got out

into the Black Sea the very day that a howling blizzard swept its yellow waters. Our cockpit filled with snow. We had sailed across Europe, from the North to the Black Sea. But that having been accomplished, fate played the last trump. My last night in *Flame* saw me sealed in my own cabin when the grey day dawned. The sweat from my body and moisture of condensing steam inside the cabin from our trusty Primus formed ice on my companionway doors. My last problem was how to get outside into my own cockpit—which I solved with a screwdriver, chipping the ice off the frozen doors. The Danube International Commission kindly lifted *Flame* ashore with a crane. . . .

There she lay, just a mound in the snow, through all that frozen winter. Back in England, I got a letter from the British Vice-Consul at Sulina saying he had an offer for her. I never saw the Rumanians who bought her. But I often wondered how they fared. For I had broken her back, split the keel, when I had hit a rock way up in the Vilshofen rapids. And at Vienna the so-called shipwrights there had done a very makeshift job on her.

But she did not drown the Rumanians. For, in 1937, when I was coming down from Oslo in the train to Copenhagen, a husky Norwegian came to the dining-car and introduced himself. "I am the man," he said, "who wrote *By Canoe to the Orient*. I saw your *Flame* in the Black Sea. In fact, it was reading your book that gave me

the fool idea to repeat the job. Don't you think that you and I must be a little crazy?"

"Absolutely," I said. "But tell me . . ." That sporting young Norwegian, in his piddle to Constantinople "and points east," had done the same as I, in my sailing gunning-skiff *Nimrod*, many years before: slept ashore nights under a small tent he carried, or under a tree, shed, even under the overturned boat. And with canoes and gunning-skiffs, of course, their prime value for long, adventurous cruises is that you can pull them up on shore when the weather gets too bad.

But the shore was the one thing that I had to keep my 2½-ton deadweight *Flame* away from. And in the racing Upper Danube—I got into it at Kelheim some 340 miles above Vienna—this was often no joke. I carried my own hot water with me, I did not have to endure impolite or too-polite *concierges*, and I certainly did not have the boredom of sitting in a railway train. But, having to find and make my own way, each day brought its set of calculations: tides, currents, weather, rapids—such as going through the Gorge of Kazan and the Iron Gates—and very often I felt just a wee bit too independent and on my own.

"I think people like us are crazy!" smiled this charming young Norwegian. I replied that the March Hare, the Mad Hatter, and adolescent love were all sane compared with a man in love with a cruising boat.

CORRESPONDENCE

"COMPENSATION RENTS"

SIR,—The note by Arbiter in your issue of June 7 on the subject of Compensation Rents is so true that I would like, if I may, to suggest that the whole matter be brought to the notice of the Property Owners' Association to ascertain if they would be willing to approach the Government.

There is another important point which should not be lost sight of, namely, when a property has been derequisitioned and a claim for compensation prepared and presented to the War Department valuer, it takes many months before the claim is settled and payment made. In the case of an owner who wishes to restore his property he has to finance the operation if he is unable to await settlement. The difficulty suggested in Arbiter's last paragraph might be overcome by dating the derequisitioning at the time of the settlement of the claim with a further period added in which to obtain a licence to carry out the work, and if labour and material were not available, an extension of time could be agreed.

I feel that property owners are having a very raw deal. If one's property had been destroyed by

enemy action, the War Damage Commission would see to it and the owner would be compensated.—CLIFFORD C. TROLLOPE, *Crabtree, Headley, Bordon, Hampshire.*

PEACE CELEBRATIONS OF 1814

SIR,—Laurence Whistler's article, *Festival of Fire*, in your issue of June 7, reminds me of three old prints I have of the Peace Celebrations of 1814. I enclose two of them. The description reads: "The Temple of Concord invented by Sir William Congreve, Bart., and erected in the Green Park for the Display of a Grand Firework. In celebration of the Glorious Peace of 1814. The design and decorations made by Messrs. Greenwood and Latilla of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The Allegorical Transparencies Designed by Mr. Howard, R.A., and painted by him, Messrs. Smirke, Stothard, Woodeford, Dowe, Hilton, and Genta. Sculpture: Mr. Genta. The Machinery by Messrs. Maudslay and Co. and Mr. Drury. The Building by Mr. Watts. The Painting by Mr. Hutchinson. The Ornaments of Tin and Copper by Mr. Jones. The Illuminations by Messrs. Parker and Perry, and the Fireworks by Mr. Mortram."

Mr. Howard was secretary to the Royal Academy, and his picture, *Flower Girl*, is in the National Gallery. The "machinery" doubtless referred to the working of the fountains above and between the columns; there was one also at the very top (not shown in these prints). The "classical" transparencies would be illuminated from the inside. Note the Rowlandson character on the right with quizzing-glass, above him a pavilion flying the Royal Standard, and in the centre the child in pantelettes. This pavilion was covered in, doubtless to protect it from fire, as a fortress, and one can see the soldiers erecting the fireworks and also pointing to the balloon.—L. J. WICKES, *Brooke House, Newton Green, Sudbury, Suffolk.*

TWO IN ONE TWICE

SIR,—One of our hens a little while ago laid an egg weighing 5 oz. When boiled, it was found to contain within it another egg complete with shell, white and yolk. So far, your correspondent's "Three in One" (May 31) wins. But a few days afterwards, one of our ducks laid an egg which also, on being boiled, was found to contain within it another egg complete with shell and white, but in this case no yolk in the inner egg. Do I win on

the "double"?—W. I. CHEESMAN, *Preshute House, Marlborough.*

SNAKES' EYES

SIR,—A remark in Mr. Sherrington's letter (*The Smooth Snake*) in your issue of April 26 reminds me of a lengthy and inconclusive discussion in which I was involved when out in India some 20 years ago, and which was continued as a lengthy and equally inconclusive correspondence in the local paper.

He says: "It (the smooth snake) can be distinguished from the latter (the adder) by its round pupil . . ."

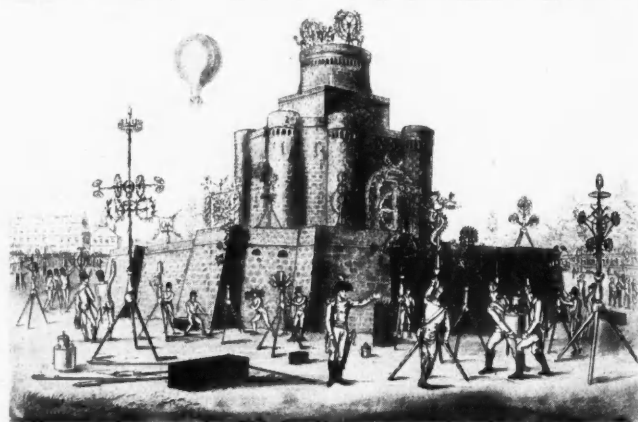
Does Mr. Sherrington mean to imply that venomous can be distinguished from non-venomous snakes by the shape of their eyes, or does he mention it here as a purely coincidental distinction?

The reason that I ask is that the contention in which we were involved was precisely that venomous snakes can be so distinguished by the "almond" eyes, while the non-venomous snakes had round eyes.

Although this is a country of snakes, and therefore presumably of snake experts, we could find no general consensus of opinion, and the discussion eventually petered out in the not inappropriate suggestion that by the time the snake was sufficiently



THE GRAND PAVILION IN THE GREEN PARK. THE PEACE CELEBRATIONS OF 1814



THE FORTRESS WHICH ENCLOSED THE GRAND PAVILION. SOLDIERS ERECTING THE FIREWORKS

See letter: Peace Celebrations of 1814

close for the shape of its eyes to be distinguished there would be no need to rely on that means of establishing its nature.

I hope that some of your readers may be able to give an authoritative opinion on the subject.

May I add that I shall be very happy to accept any ex-cathedra opinion, and not put it to practical test?—C. FURLONGER, P.O. Box 115, Madras, S India.

BEAUTY TREATMENT IN WEST AFRICA

SIR.—The application of a mud pack as a method of improving the complexion is by no means confined to our elaborately equipped beauty parlours. It is also commonly practised by the maidens of the West African bush. Part of their preparation for marriage consists of smearing white clay liberally over face and body. The treatment is continued for several weeks, but before the girl goes to her husband the clay is washed off and its place taken by an application of palm oil. When I first saw girls so treated I thought it might indicate a form of mourning at the close of their maiden state. But when I asked them the reason they always replied "to make my skin fine."

Another of their methods of "beauty treatment" is to "decorate" their bodies with raised scars. To produce these the flesh is slashed with a sharp stone, or a piece of a broken bottle, and a mixture of wood ash and palm oil rubbed into the open wounds. I have seen the operation carried out on a girl of about 7 or 8 years old. She showed no signs of fear, and did not cry out, though she winced at the moment an incision was actually made.—R. DIXON, Beaulieu, Higmore Road, Sherborne, Dorset.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL'S 750TH ANNIVERSARY

SIR.—The celebration of the 750th anniversary of the beginning of the building of Lichfield Cathedral, which is being marked by a festival lasting till June 29, reminds me of the very fine example of 13th-century ironwork on the doors of the west front. This ironwork is ascribed to Thomas de Leghton, the famous craftsman from Leighton Buzzard, who made the notable iron screen of Queen Eleanor's tomb in Westminster Abbey. Other examples of ironwork attributed to Thomas de Leghton may be seen in Bedfordshire on church doors at Leighton Buzzard, Eaton Bray and Turvey.—H. J. SMITH, Westfield, Mears Ashby, Northamptonshire.



A GIRL WITH A BEAUTY SCAR



UNDERGOING TREATMENT WITH A BROKEN BOTTLE

See letter: Beauty Treatment in West Africa

RATS CASTLE

SIR.—I wonder if any of your readers can tell me the origin of the name Rats Castle, which, so far as I know, occurs only in Kent. There is one site marked on the lin. Ordnance map near Plaxtol, which is a rather tumble-down building formerly a farm-house and now cottages. Another site, not marked on the map, is along Hayesden Lane, Tonbridge, and appears to have been a dwelling-place, but there are now only ridges in the pasture indicating the outline of the walls. There are a number of other sites in the same area of Kent which are said to have borne the name.—P. H. STAPLE (S/L.), Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force, Hednesford, Staffordshire.

TEN PER CENT.

SIR.—The letter on the subject of paying ten per cent. in lieu of tipping in hotels is interesting. Certainly no one would wish to give less than the sum mentioned for one night (2s. 2d.), but when that figure is multiplied by a stay of several weeks, it becomes a serious matter to many of us. After all, the fearful cost of living has been passed on mostly to us who have often to stay in hotels; we pay the high wages of the staff in enormously increased prices; we pay in taxes the subsidies that keep down the cost of food, and often there is very little done for hotel guests except the bare necessities. Often, too, the guests have to clean their own shoes.

In pre-war days abroad things were different. Prices were absurdly low, except in the de luxe hotels, which have no attraction for us. It was a pleasure to supplement the tipping when some little extra service had been done. "J'ai l'habitude de monter," a *femme de chambre* told me once when, after an illness, I gave her a present and thanked her for her attention and many journeys upstairs. It is a pity that many people, forced by a sort of moral blackmail, give tips as well in this and other countries, and it is very unpleasant for the departing guests who see the staff waiting about, often those who have never been seen before.

—DOROTHY HAMILTON DEAN, Tresilian House, Llantwit Major, Glamorganshire.

BIRDS THAT BUILT FLATS

SIR.—The enclosed photograph taken on May 18 last shows a chaffinch's nest built on top of a common wren's nest. This surely is a unique instance of flat building by birds.

The wren's nest had been occupied before, and the four youngsters within flew off on May 19. The chaffinches hatched on May 17, when I first observed this nest. It is situated



CHAFFINCH'S NEST ABOVE A WREN'S NEST

See letter: Birds That Built Flats

in the ivy around a fir tree, some 4 ft. from the ground, quite exposed and near a much-frequented pigsty.—N. J. BOULTON (Dr.), Kintbury, near Newbury, Berkshire.

THE DUCKLINGS OF PALL MALL

SIR.—On the roof of this building, where my home is, a pair of wild duck recently made their nest. Evidently they were apprehensive of the unexploded bombs in the park, and seeing a bunch of green iris leaves sprouting from a box on this roof, thought it an act of great discretion to lay their eggs there for safety, and the five were duly hatched on June 1.

When they were found that morning the duck was on the roof with her ducklings, but she soon led them to the side and flew down into the area seven storeys below. The ducklings followed, fluttering with much grace to the ground. They were collected unhurt by my steward and shortly afterwards the keeper of St.

James's Park lake arrived, and they were taken in a box to the centre of St. James's Square.

Two were let out to attract their mother, and a very little time elapsed before she was seen high up in the sky. Down she came, quacking away, and her young responded well.

Later, the procession started, with mother leading and her infants close behind. The traffic was held up in Pall Mall, and the next incident was at the top of the Duke of York's steps. Mother Duck seemed very chary of descending, but eventually led the way for the youngsters, who popped down step by step, as though they were well accustomed to such a journey. When they reached the Mall, the traffic was again held up while the party moved slowly across on their journey to the lake.

The keeper said the mallards did not belong to his lake, and it seems evident that they came from Regents Park. My steward noticed that on every occasion when the drake flew away it was always northwards.—T. CANNON BROOKES, Flat 6, 16, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THE COUNTRY CLOCK-MAKER

SIR.—Mr. Symonds remains impatient, and so do I. In his letter (May 31) he supports his contention that the village clock-maker was other things as well by citing the case of Barrett of Lewes. To argue from the particular to the general is always dangerous; to do so in the case of a country clock-maker of 1656 is particularly rash, for he was a rare specimen with a most limited market. As well might I argue that, because I have found an 18th-century maker who was also a school teacher, and another who was a land surveyor, therefore all country makers of that period were (a) school teachers, (b) land surveyors, in their spare time. I have traced and listed very many country makers who farmed in their spare time; out of 1,300 Yorkshire makers I have found only one who dealt in hardware.

We are discussing movements, and I readily concede that dials and hands were usually supplied by town specialists. But from 1750–1800 the movements were in most cases the individual work of the clock-maker. The rot started after 1800, but even then the ready-made movement was slow to find general acceptance. I have conclusive evidence of this, for as late as 1845 30-hour movements were being made by hand at Skipton, Yorkshire, and at Hawes for almost the whole of the century.

The octogenarian grand-daughter of the Skipton maker has told me (re-calling her mother's stories) how her grandfather's brass castings were

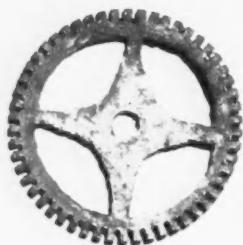


13th CENTURY IRONWORK AT LICHFIELD

See letter: Lichfield Cathedral's 750th Anniversary

made locally, and how everyone in the household had a job to do. The job of the youngsters was cutting and shaping the chains for the maker's 30-hour movements. Similarly the Hebden of Hawes made their own movements until very late indeed in the nineteenth century. My informant in this case is one who watched them at work as a boy, and as a result became himself a specialist in antique clocks. They were supplied with rough castings which they worked up into movements themselves.

Your readers may like to see one of their wheel-blanks upon which some work was done. With their wheel-cutting machine (now in the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries) they had cut the necessary number of slots in the casting, and there remained to round off the teeth by hand, clean up the ragged edges of the crossings, and mount the wheel upon its arbor. Similarly they



UNFINISHED WHEEL AND PINION FROM THE BENCH OF A 19TH-CENTURY YORKSHIRE CLOCK-MAKER

See letter: *The Country Clock-maker*

made their pinions from pinion-wire supplied in the rough by the material-makers. They did not buy ready-made movements. Each clock took about a fortnight to make and sold for something like £5. In addition, they farmed, and were responsible for the maintenance and winding of the clocks in the neighbouring big houses. I could give more examples of this persistent craftsmanship which, according to Mr. Symonds, was in its death-throes more than a century before.

If it were true that mass-produced movements were in use from 1750, one would expect to find the characteristics of mass-production. Parts would be interchangeable among movements from the same source; lay-outs would be identical. But this is not so. In many years' study of provincial work (especially that of Yorkshire) I have never yet encountered two identical movements, even from the bench of the same maker. What one does find, however, is that characteristic peculiarities are handed on in a "school" of clock-making from master to apprentice throughout the life of that "school." Askrigg and Otley are two examples of such Yorkshire "schools," and movements emanating from those districts are clearly the work of men locally trained.

Mr. Symonds concedes me an occasional "bucolic" maker of some skill. He ignores my point that most of the great makers were of rustic origin. London was a great ladle which, throughout the eighteenth century, skimmed off the cream of country

skill. Tompion was from Bedfordshire, Graham from Cumberland, Knibb from Oxfordshire, Jones from Plymouth, Ellicott and Arnold from Cornwall, Mudge from Devon. And from my native Yorkshire there was Harrison, son of a village carpenter, whom Baillie has called "the most remarkable man in the history of horology." Bucolics all.—N. J. DINS-DALE (Rev.), *Ingleton Vicarage, Carnforth, Lancashire*.

THE CRAFT OF PARGETTING

SIR,—As a footnote to the interesting article which appeared in your issue of May 24, your readers may care to see the enclosed photograph of some pargetting that appears on an old house at Ashwell, Hertfordshire. On the left is a winged dolphin, on the right a flower pattern, between larger scroll patterns.—F. G., *Manningtree, Essex*.

FISHING WITH A HOOP NET

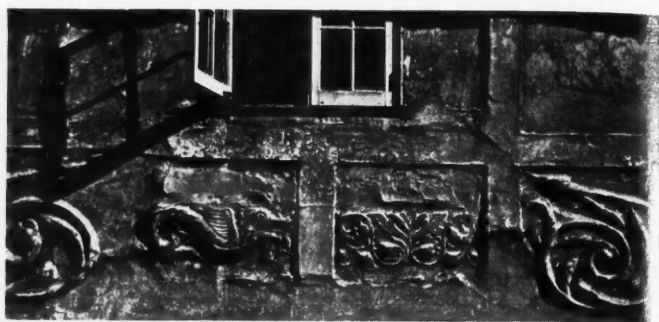
SIR,—Your photograph of the hoop net and the letter in your issue of May 17 on the same subject cause me to write to you. This method of fishing is a not uncommon sight in the ports and canals of Dutch towns. As a schoolboy I saw people fishing with these nets twenty years ago in Amsterdam harbour, and it is still an attraction for walkers and messenger-boys to pass the time looking on from bridges and embankments, though I must say that I seldom saw a fish caught. May I add that we always very much enjoy your weekly *COUNTRY LIFE*?—A. FABER, *Kampen, Holland*.

THE WHITE ADMIRAL IN ITALY

SIR,—I know the butterfly that Capt. E. G. Toomer refers to very well indeed. It is the one we call the Continental White Admiral, *Limenitis camilla Schiff*.

Only the other day I had a small number of chrysalides sent me by air mail from another entomologically minded soldier serving in Italy, but unfortunately they all emerged in transit. I must add, however, that only yesterday I received another parcel of livestock from him: viz. three dozen Spurge hawk moth caterpillars, which were posted off just as they were hatching and in a tin packed tight with spurge plants. They arrived in perfect condition, and although the foliage was now brown and withered, before this had happened the caterpillars had fed well and were in the second skin and measured over half an inch long. Luckily I have a plantation of spurge in my breeding grounds, and so they went hungry no longer.

To return to Capt. Toomer's letter, I do not think I have ever read or experienced a case in which a parasitised caterpillar has lived after the fly-grubs have crawled out of its body and through the skin. I suppose it



PARGE WORK AT ASHWELL, HERTFORDSHIRE

See letter: *The Craft of Pargetting*

does sometimes happen in the wild state of Nature that if a caterpillar has a sufficiently strong "constitution" it can survive the ordeal. It is, of course, well known that the ichneumon grubs always avoid the vital organs when they are feeding inside the body of the caterpillar, but all those I have ever found that have been "stung" have always succumbed sooner or later and certainly never "took on a new lease of life" so as eventually to produce a perfect (if small) butterfly.—L. HUGH NEWMAN, *F.R.E.S., The Butterfly Farm, Bexley, Kent*.

A TAME CHEETAH

SIR,—Recently I encountered a tame cheetah, the pet of one of the officers in an Indian battalion. For two years she had been with him, travelling either by road or rail when the battalion moved, and showing no inclination to adopt any less civilised form of life, in spite of having reached the mature age of three.

With a little trepidation I took one or two photographs of her from what seemed a safe distance, but, reassured by her obvious friendliness, I rapidly became bolder and finally secured one particularly satisfactory shot from a distance of about four feet. During the interview, she had to leave me once or twice to chase away the stray dogs that wandered around the camp, but always she came back to the same clump of long grass as if seeking what little camouflage there was in that large, open space. A little petting from me, some scratching behind the ears, and she would purr contentedly—with a noise like the exhaust of a distant motor-cycle—lie down and allow the photographic worship to continue.

Having been lucky enough to secure a series of reasonably good poses, I conversed with the owner, while his orderly took over the task of entertaining her and the group of rather astonished British soldiers from my battalion. It appeared that she had always been very tame, and seemed to prefer human company. At any rate, she had never made any attempt to leave her master, except

on one occasion when, while travelling by train, she jumped from the door of a truck, presumably to chase a desert hare. In jumping, she fell and injured a hind leg, leaving herself with a permanent limp.

Feeding, the officer said, presented no difficulty in an Indian battalion. There were ample scraps of meat and she was almost as fond of fruit. She was very gentle when being fed, but would not tolerate the presence of any other animal at meal-times. Her habits, he regretted, left much to be desired; possibly because she had always been accustomed to living in a tent.

Like all cheetahs, she was fast, although her injured leg had detracted considerably from her fleetness. Once, before her accident, she had been timed running across the flat desert beside a jeep. She kept up a speed of 50 miles per hour for a distance of about 200 yards, but would run no further until she had rested for a time.

I returned to speak to her and pet her. She purred, and licked my hand with a tongue like a boot-scraper, and then in a dignified manner returned to her master to lie at his feet like a faithful hound.—A. CRAWFORD MAYER (Captain, R.A.M.C.), *4/5 Bn. Royal Sussex Regt., C.M.F.*

DEAD AND ALIVE AGAIN

SIR,—I was interested to read in your issue of May 24, of the remarkable resuscitation of an apparently dead foxhound pup by artificial respiration and breathing into its mouth.

Some time ago I was equally successful in bringing back to life one of my three-day-old chickens which I found stretched out dead and squashed flat under the hen! However, as it was still warm, I took it in my hands, forced open its beak and breathed slowly into it for some minutes—just as an experiment, but never thinking that it would have any effect. Very soon the little body began to tremble, then the eyes opened and it gave a feeble "cheep, cheep." I kept up the breathing for about fifteen minutes, then as the chick was still very weak, I gave it two drops of brandy, wrapped it in cotton wool and put it in a box on top of a radiator as I had to get back to my work. I fully expected to find the chicken dead when I returned about four hours afterwards, but was surprised and delighted to hear a lively "cheep, cheep" coming from the box. It had a good feed and seemed quite strong on its legs, so I put it out with the others next day. It thrived and lived to become one of my best layers.—M. FITZGIBBON-HALL (Miss), *Will House, 118, Andover Road, Newbury, Berkshire*.

WALK OR HOP?

SIR,—Miss Helen Lister's description of the starling's gait as "in perfect balance and resembling human mode of progression" hardly agrees with the note given by Edmund Sandars in his *Bird Book for the Pocket*: "Wags and runs; rolling, bandy-legged." Will Major Jarvis adjudicate?—A. TULLY, *Wellfield, Alnmouth, Northumberland*.



POSING AND PURRING CONTENTEDLY

See letter: *A Tame Cheetah*

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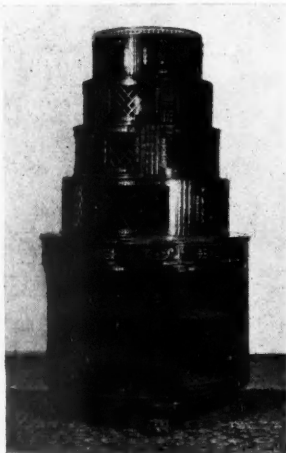
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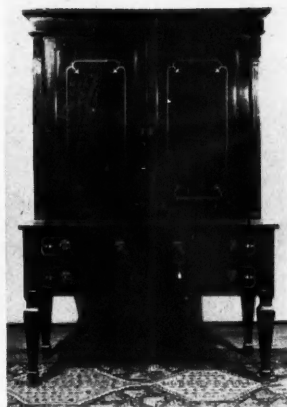
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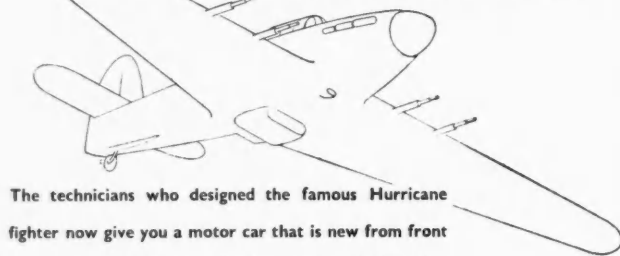


Jaguar

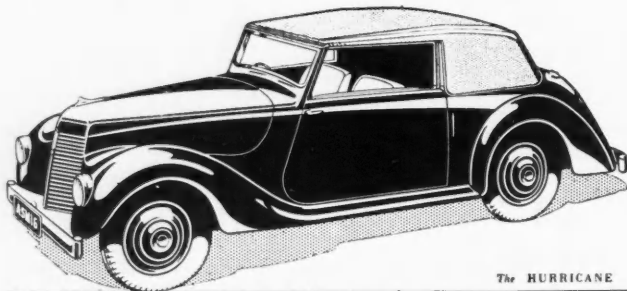
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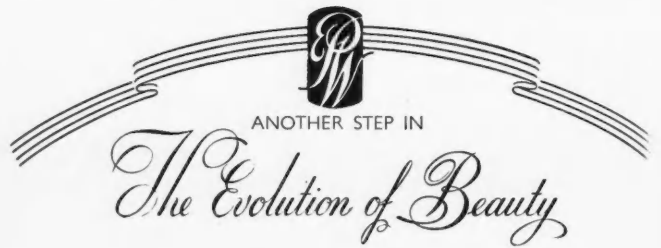


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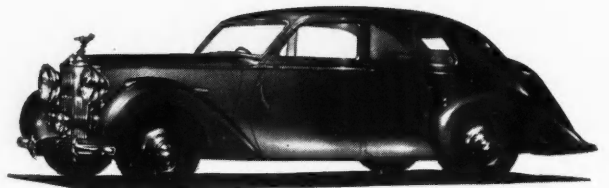
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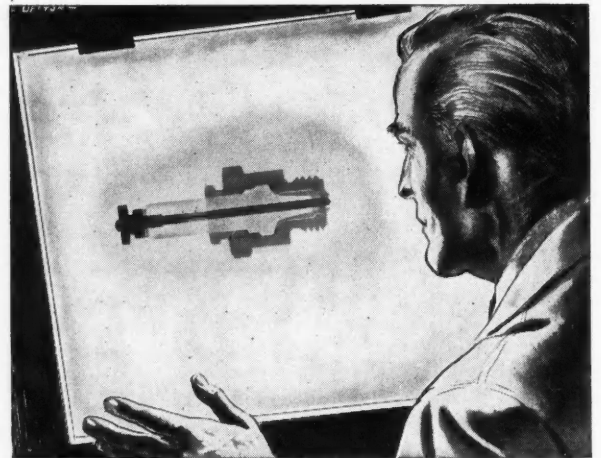
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"ALL THE LOCAL WORLD IS PRESENT"

COUNTRY RACE MEETING

By JAMES THORPE

WHEN a village of two hundred and fifty inhabitants stages a two-day race meeting this, it can be easily understood, is decidedly its event of the year. Whatever Ascot may be to the great world, these two days are even more to us, for the competition of rival attractions is practically non-existent.

Preparations begin about a month before the great day with the erection of the grandstand, a gaunt but practical structure of rough timber. Before the trade unions came to cramp the style of the local carpenter, this was built in a week, and, after the races, dismantled, moved, and re-erected in two days at a similar but lesser function a few miles away. A paddock about thirty yards square is boarded off behind it and further up the hill, thus affording the cognoscenti sufficient gentle exercise between the events in passing to and fro.

A number board, the judge's box, turnstiles and barriers complete the annual movable equipment; the jockeys' room, stewards' office and ambulance hut, being permanent institutions, stand sheltered under the hedge throughout the year. All these buildings are placed on a steep slope at the foot of which, through seven or eight flat grass meadows, runs the course. A perfect view is thus obtained from start to finish and a really lazy person can see the whole meeting comfortably and satisfactorily without moving from the higher side of the paddock.

In the old days the events were mostly banking races—a name which has nothing to do with the financial side of sport—in which the horses leapt on to the top of the six-foot-high earth-banks, changed feet cleverly and jumped off from the other side. This, as might be expected, produced many nasty spills and serious accidents. Nowadays we have fallen into line with the ordinary procedure and confine ourselves to the regulation steeplechases and hurdle races.

However indifferent one may feel towards the sport of kings, it requires much self-control and detachment to remain aloof when so much thrilling excitement is taking place only four fields away from home. All the morning the traffic on the main road is continuous, for we in the country take the full measure of our enjoyment and make a long day of it. Anything which runs on wheels (and a few items which refuse to do so) are pressed into transport service, although the old horse-drawn cart, trap, wagon and wagonette of earlier days have disappeared in favour of the less picturesque and more odoriferous motor-car and motor-coach. Fortunately this traffic keeps almost entirely to the main thoroughfare and the peace of our lane is hardly disturbed, except by a slight, distant rumble.

After lunch at a normal hour we stroll leisurely by a quiet back way in all the floral glory of late spring-time and in less than ten minutes are in the heat, noise and rabble of the course, the increasing roar of the bookies suggesting the hungry growl of wild animals demanding food. All the local world is present, in what each considers appropriate costume: the

girls in recklessly flimsy frocks, the men in a compromise between the Sunday clothes of social custom and the more exciting garb of the sportsman. Even the most sedate resident flaunts a gaudy tie of nobody's colours, tilts his hat just a little over one eye, and hangs round his neck an ancient and often ineffective pair of field-glasses.

Fair, exotic sylphs in silk and chiffon glide between burly red-faced farmers in Bedford cord and homespun. A very new felt hat, one size too small, an open-necked tennis shirt with the collar worn carefully outside the sports jacket—the absence of a waistcoat displaying serviceable but unromantic braces—riding-breeches and well-polished brown leather leggings and boots; this is a typical example of local men's wear. Our own girls and women conform religiously with current fashions, and err only in the regrettable absence of colour harmony. All of us, who started so full of assured satisfaction, suffer somewhat, I fear, from comparison with the correct and well-fitting attire of the visitors from afar. We are somewhat conscious of being dressed up; they are merely wearing their clothes.

Dress is, however, of only minor importance; the sport's the thing. All our neighbours near and far are here; our general welfare must be compared; selections, tips, and fancies must be considered and decided upon, and our investments made with the raucous-throated, richly-dressed gentlemen with well-stuffed satchels, standing on stools or boxes. For many of us poor, simple folk this is our only practical connection with racing during the year; for others, it is the normal daily routine, and there is a strange and interesting contrast between wisdom and innocence, wild hope and assured knowledge. Occasionally, though, there is a measure of satisfaction as we ignorant amateurs collect our unexpected winnings while the more knowing professional backers concentrate with determination on the possibilities of the next race.

The more material pleasures are by no means neglected; various dainties to tempt our palate or inflame our thirst are displayed on many stalls; cockles and whelks with unlimited vinegar, meat pies, ice-creams and an aggressively yellow acid solution called lemonade. Under the back of the grandstand is an extensive bar for those who require sterner stimulant.

A distinguished sportsman, in the silk cap and jacket of his former jockeyhood and the nether garments of a perfect gentleman, has come all the way from Newmarket with the laudable object of helping us to take money from the long-suffering and harmless bookmakers. He makes the proud boast that in four years' attendance at our meetings he has failed only four times to spot the winner, and there is none of us with sufficiently good memory to disprove him. Unfortunately there seems every prospect of his proud record being sadly spoilt on this occasion. A few melancholy men with chalked and painted faces carry old unmusical instruments, but their most successful weapon is the collecting-bag.

Two vivid spots of vermillion sing out from the green background, the huntsman and first whip of the local foxhounds, whose easy duties are to clear the course before each race and to drink the health of members and supporters of the hunt.

One is inclined to wonder sometimes for whose benefit it is all arranged. The running of the horses occupies altogether approximately an hour of the day's programme. The enthusiast tells us that we are all indirectly improving the breed of horses, but the stout rubicund gentlemen in short sleeves who shout the odds incessantly between the races appear to take less than a perfunctory interest in the performance of the animals.

Most of our men-folk from the village enjoy, with resplendent badges, unwonted official importance in charge of turnstiles, entrance gates, race-horses and prohibited areas and later receive appropriate reward for their able services. From casual observation and echoes of the general conversation before, during and after the event, one is almost forced to the conclusion that most of us are really present in the fond hope of getting money for nothing. Suppose for one awful moment that the bookmaker was not allowed on the course, what would be the effect on the general attendance?

If the races were a fair and honest endeavour to decide the merits of the competitors, the sporting interest might be more real. Alas for human frailty, this is unfortunately not always the real intention. Let us take, for instance, one not very exceptional example. For the last race of the day at a meeting some years ago there were saddled three horses whose relative abilities could have been easily decided before they left the paddock. One was plainly of a class apart from the others, but for some reason a section of the more knowing decided to back one of the other two. Unfortunately for the backers, the favourite, in spite of much determined pulling, persisted in winning. Something had to be done.

The rider was a man of much experience in racing matters, so that it could hardly have been ignorance that prompted him to dismount before reaching the saddling enclosure. His horse was forthwith disqualified, and the race awarded to the second, who had been so well supported. In the general confusion of departure no protest was made; but the sportsmen appeared again in force and confidence the next day, by which time apparently the incident had been forgotten.

As I walked slowly home to tea on that day, I pondered on these things, but not bitterly, for I had been fortunate and speedy enough to draw my winnings on the first horse before the disqualification was announced.

Later in the village's great day I have described we walk up the road in the cool and quiet of the evening. In a grey blue sky the placid moon rises in its full dignity over the hill: not a sound is heard except the hoarse croak of the corn-crake. Only the litter of paper and torn tickets on the opposite slope remind us of the swarming babel of the afternoon. The village has reassumed its wonted air of peace.

////// HARRAP ////

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The Russian fairy story which achieved great popularity when broadcast over the American radio now appears in book form. Illus. 4s. net

NEW BOOKS

DOES HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF?

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

IN the introduction to his *Congress of Vienna* (Constable, 18s.), Mr. Harold Nicolson warns us against accepting the view that history repeats itself. "We can learn little from history unless we first realise that she does not, in fact, repeat herself. Events are not affected by analogies; they are determined by the combinations of circumstance. And since circumstances vary from generation to generation it is illusive to suppose that any pattern of history, however similar it may at first appear, is likely to repeat itself exactly in the kaleidoscope of time."

It is, of course, a fashionable thing now to see in the events which preceded the Congress of Vienna and

Vienna, as one may learn from his book, *Peace-making*, 1919.

"Nobody," he writes in this present book, "who has not actually watched statesmen dealing with each other can have any real idea of the immense part played in human affairs by such unavowable and often unrecognisable causes as lassitude, affability, personal affection or dislike, misunderstanding, deafness or incomplete command of a foreign language, vanity, social engagements, interruptions, and momentary states of health."

"Nobody who has not watched 'policy' expressing itself in day-to-day action can realise how seldom is the course of events determined by

CONGRESS OF VIENNA: *By Harold Nicolson*
(Constable, 18s.)

I WAS BORN IN THE COUNTRY *By H. S. Joyce*
(Art and Educational Publishers, 8s. 6d.)

unfolded themselves concurrently with it a similarity so close to contemporary happenings as to be almost indistinguishable from them. Some of the passages in Mr. Nicolson's book do nothing to diminish the force of this similarity. "It was, indeed, true that Russia, having endured harsh suffering and achieved magnificent triumphs, was assuming an attitude of arrogant secretiveness which caused dismay to her partners in the Quadruple Alliance . . . The Russian generals and diplomats, moreover, having convinced themselves that Russian arms alone had liberated Europe from an odious tyranny, being intoxicated by the military prestige which Russia had unexpectedly acquired, began on every occasion and in every country to indulge in self-assertiveness and intrigue."

There is more in the same vein, and the reader feels that, if history does not repeat itself, then it escapes from repetition only by the use of Mr. Nicolson's narrow assent that it does not repeat itself "exactly."

A TIMELY THEME

The object of the book is to make "an examination, in terms of the past, of the factors which create dissension between independent States temporarily bound together in a coalition." It is a timely theme, for though, twenty years ago, there was reason enough to learn such lessons as might be drawn from the examination, few people seem to have learned anything at all, and that may in some part account for a widespread surprise that there is now reason to learn so much.

In bringing a lively intelligence and a most readable pen to bear upon European history from the moment of Napoleon's retreat out of Russia up to the conclusion of the Congress of Vienna, Mr. Nicolson has an advantage denied to many other writers. He has at first-hand studied statesmen in action at a Congress similar to that of

deliberately planned purpose or how often what in retrospect appears to have been a fully conscious intention was at the time governed and directed by that most potent of all factors—the 'chain of circumstance.' Few indeed are the occasions on which any statesman sees his objective clearly before him and marches towards it with undeviating stride; numerous indeed are the occasions when a decision or an event, which at the time seemed wholly unimportant, leads almost fortuitously to another decision which is no less incidental, until, link by link, the chain of circumstance is forged."

BRILLIANT PORTRAITS

I must be forgiven for quoting so long a passage, for two reasons: in the first place because this book amply bears out Mr. Nicolson's general observation; and in the second place because the passage contains a salutary warning to those who see everything as a series of "problems" for each of which there is an appropriate "solution," and who think that to fit the given solution to the given problem is a mathematical procedure permitting Q.E.D. to be written triumphantly every time. History, indeed, would never repeat itself, even approximately, if this simple-minded opinion were correct.

Mr. Nicolson's book is full of brilliant portraits of the persons, great and small, concerned with that crisis in European affairs. Above all others stand out Castlereagh, Metternich and Talleyrand. It is hardly too much to say that Castlereagh is the "hero" of the story: the picture of the English foreign secretary is most attractive and sympathetic without at any time becoming sentimental. Mr. Nicolson recognises that Castlereagh failed. "The essential fallacy of Castlereagh's political philosophy," he says, "was that by exaggerating the general need for 'repose' he sought to enforce static principles upon a dynamic world." Mr. Nicolson quotes Sir Charles



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Webster's remark: "He failed to associate his ideas with the deepest emotions of his age," and adds finely: "This was a tragic, but not unworthy, failure."

The book is full of fascinating matter both for the student of history and for the general reader. Napoleon swallowing his poison after signing his abdication; Napoleon, again, disguised as his own postilion and riding ahead of his own carriage on the way to Elba, so much he feared attack from the people; Metternich confronting Napoleon in that celebrated interview for which, alas, we have no authority but Metternich's own; Metternich, again, reading in his bed the few fateful lines that told of Napoleon's escape from Elba; Castlereagh collapsing into his doctor's arms with the terrible cry: "Bankhead, let me fall on your arm; I have opened my neck; it is all over": these great individual moments are scattered throughout a narrative in which the marching of armies and the confabulations of statesmen sound as clearly as they did when they fell dreadfully or hopefully on human ears.

COUNTRY LORE

Mr. H. S. Joyce, who has written *I Was Born in the Country* (Art and Educational Publishers, 8s. 6d.) recounts a late Victorian childhood and boyhood on a property which was farm, mill and bakehouse on the Dorset Stour, half-way between Wimborne and Blandford. He has illustrated his own book with some agreeable drawings.

The book is wholly of country lore, and though Mr. Joyce's boyhood experiences were not much dissimilar from those of other country-born and bred children of the time, he had his moments of enchantment. There was, for example, a day when, as he sat fishing by the river, a kingfisher alighted upon his rod. "On sighting a fish near the surface, they would fall like stones and, sending up a shower of spray, grasp some small pike or roach and lift it from the water. They remained in the district for a few weeks only; but their coming was an event, and I am glad to say that they moved on without being molested."

Bitterns, alas, were not so fortunate. "Occasionally a bittern was seen in the reed beds. It was at once pursued, and, if it did not remove itself from the district, was certain to be shot. A stuffed bittern was looked upon as a valuable addition to the front hall."

YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT

Mr. Joyce has watched the countryman develop from the days when, if he did not go on his own legs, he used a penny-farthing bicycle, up to the modern labourer who roars to his job on a motor-cycle. He has kept his eyes and ears open and collected a good fund of country knowledge—of men, birds, beasts, fishes and flowers. I was entranced by his story of the cricketing vicar who was so keen to encourage hitting that he would pay a shilling to anyone who put a ball through the vicarage windows.

In writing of the humble woodlouse—nothing is too humble for his observation—Mr. Joyce says that in his part of Dorset they were called chooky-pigs or Billy Buttons. Here in my village, farther west, they have the strange name of grammersows. Why pig and sow, I wonder, for this most unporcine little creature?

There were many flints to be found in that district, and Mr. Joyce heard of a man who "travelled the roads with a double octave composed entirely of

flints on which he played tunes by rapping them with a little hammer." You can find the same trick being played to-day in some of the Cheddar caverns, where the guides, tapping certain stalactites with wooden hammers, produce a variety of tunes.

"DEAR, DEAR LAND"

AS a sick man, convalescent, sees all earth anew in vivid colours, so are English poets to-day saluting with a peculiar passion their island home so nearly wrested from them. Here are three such poets, all writing of England, although the third has his roots in Ireland.

First among them is Miss V. Sackville-West, with her long poem, *The Garden* (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.). It must have taken courage to write a successor to *The Land*; the courage has been amply justified. So exactly does poem agree with title that a reader "commencing gardener" can learn from it (for instance) precisely what to choose for his hedges and how to grow his indoor bulbs. But the deeper fascination is that the garden—and the wilderness—of life is here, too: the wilderness briefly, occasionally, obliquely touched on; the garden serenely matured by time, bountiful and beautiful.

Here is an autumn of life glowing with colour. Here is the jewelled word, the phrase delighting the mind or thrilling along the heartstrings, the sweep and majesty of time that, ploughing deeply in the human soul, prepares so rich a harvest of experience and expression in the poet's being. There is a lovely dedicatory poem, and here are two jewels picked at random from an Aladdin's cave of them. Wasps are described as "small samurai in lacquered velvet dressed"; and in autumn

Only the little frightened cyclamen
With leveret ears laid back look
fresh and young.

No lover of poetry can afford to live without this poem.

J. H. B. Peel, in *Mere England* (Chaterson, 7s. 6d.), also follows the English seasons through the year, but on a hillside in Buckinghamshire that has his heart. He has sincerity, simplicity and passion; he has not, as yet, the power to "load every rift with ore," as Miss Sackville-West does. There are *longueurs* in some of his months; at times he takes the fatally easy step from the simple to the commonplace; and he is not above using (twice, too!) the "dreaming spires" cliché about Oxford. But his best is good, and his lyric note, as in *O little lark*, is his strongest.

Patric Stevenson's *Flowing Water* (Falcon Press, 4s. 6d.) is a promising first collection of verses. The long poem of the title is an attractive subject imaginatively handled, and the young poet is firmly on the right track when he declares:

It is my wish
To write a poem like a fish,
To cast a lyric in a mould
Unique as rose or marigold.
V. H. F.

HUNTING SKETCHES

MR. STANISLAUS LYNCH'S *M echoes of the Hunting Horn* (Talbot Press, 7s. 6d.) has its echoes through every page, stirring the blood as only the sound of the horn can do, from the glories of cub-hunting to the art of knowing hounds and the first draw of the season. Mr. Stanislaus Lynch writes not only with a charming pen but with real knowledge of his subject in a way that will be appreciated by the expert and the novice alike. His book consists of a series of short sketches of varied hunting and sporting subjects, ranging from the worst hunt on record, barbed wire, and with hounds at dawn, to horse sales and point-to-points. It is a very readable book that will be enjoyed by all who love the sound of the horn. F. P.

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FARMING NOTES

THE IDEAL TRACTOR

SOME recommendations for the tractor of the future have been made by the Tractor Users' Association. No attempt has been made to design a tractor, but manufacturers are asked to recognise that the orthodox design accepted until now should be treated as obsolete and that an attempt should be made to meet all normal conditions of operation in one comprehensive type of machine which does not need operators with rubber necks or lose its power at the draw-bar as soon as soil conditions are sticky. The price, too, must be right for all sections of the farming community. The Association favours petrol against paraffin as fuel for the light tractor, and it sees no intrinsic disadvantages in the use of a small diesel engine. The tractor of the future is visualised as a three-wheeler, with a single driving-wheel or track at the rear, and two adjustable front wheels. It is essential that the changing from wheel to track and the lateral adjustment of the front wheels should be easy and quick to effect. There should be six forward speeds and two in reverse. There should be a self-starter when the tractor is fitted with a petrol engine, as proper use of this will give considerable fuel economy. The weight of the tractor itself should not exceed 21 cwt. The capacity of this tractor should be sufficient to work one- or two-furrow ploughs which should be within the overall length of the tractor. Other detailed recommendations are made which will no doubt be studied by manufacturers who are already trying prototypes of new tractors and by those who have not yet got beyond the blue-print stage. There has been much talk about the new tractors which are to be manufactured in this country to meet the demands of the home trade and export, and farmers will welcome news of these new machines actually coming off the production lines. At the present time, the importation of American and Canadian tractors is at a low ebb, owing to the demands of their home markets and dollar exchange difficulties, so we all hope that the promise of new British tractors will not be long deferred.

High Quality Hay

FARMERS are inclined to over-estimate the food value of hay. Everyone wants a high protein content, especially the dairy farmer, who relies so much on hay for the winter feeding of cows. Yet the protein content of hay produced under almost ideal conditions is not likely to be more than 5½ per cent. When twenty-two samples of seed hay produced in the Lothians, where they know how to farm well, were analysed last year, it was found that the amount of crude protein varied from 4.1 to 7.7 per cent., the average being only 5.4 per cent. Commenting on this, the Department of Agriculture for Scotland points out that the total protein produced per acre does not increase after the flower heads have fallen in proportion to the bulk of the crop. By cutting early it is possible to get a higher concentration of protein in the hay, but it is more difficult to make hay of this more leafy material, and the total yield of dry matter is less.

A Late Dressing

ANOTHER way of getting a higher protein content is to apply nitrogenous fertilisers late in the season, even as late as two or three weeks before the normal cutting time. Nitrogen given at this stage is absorbed by the plants without exerting any marked influence on total growth.

That is to say, cutting at the usual time gives the same yield, but the hay is richer in protein by about 3 per cent., which is worth having. I had not realised that inorganic nitrogen given in fertiliser form could be converted so quickly into organic nitrogen in the plant, so altering the food value of the crop. The nitrogenous fertilisers given so late to hay crops would have to be applied by hand. If the fertiliser is broadcast on a dry crop, the recovery of the plants is almost complete in twenty-four hours, and the harm done is said to be small in comparison with the increased food value of the hay. This is certainly an interesting idea, and if anyone decides to make a test by late dressing half of a field and comparing the protein content of the herbage with that from the other half, I should like to hear the result.

Corn-Growing Costs

FROM the South Eastern Agricultural College at Wye, Kent, come some interesting figures showing the financial results of growing wheat, barley and oats during the war years. The average cost per acre for wheat was £9 10s. in 1939-41 and £12 12s. 6d. in 1942-44, an increase of 33 per cent. The total return for grain was £17 10s. 11d. an acre in 1939-41 and £23 17s. 11d. in 1942-44, an increase of 31 per cent., but the straw was worth less and the overall profit per acre increased from £10 7s. 10d. to £12 14s. 2d., that is by 22 per cent. Yields on this farm were well above the national average, running at 26.4 cwt. in the first period and 28.6 cwt. in the second. Barley gave bigger profits. The cost per acre was £10 14s. 1d. in 1939-41 and £14 0s. 5d. in 1942-44, giving profits per acre of £16 19s. 10d. and £20 17s. 9d. respectively. Yields were again well above the national average. Oats gave more meagre profits. The average costs were £12 10s. 6d. and £14 12s. 9d. in the two periods, giving profits per acre of £6 16s. 7d. and £4 13s. 4d.

Grass to Perfection

THOSE who went to the conference and field demonstration held on the Wiltshire farms of Major John Morrison, M.P., were much impressed by the extraordinary productivity that a well-managed ley-farming system will give on soil that is naturally nothing like the Land of Goshen. Leys have been adopted throughout the Berwick Farms, Fonthill, which run to 3,000 acres. The soil varies from loam on chalk to greensand and clay with flints on chalk. The leys are used for two distinct purposes. The first is to provide grass for livestock in which case the fields are fenced and watered, and the second is to build up fertility for the sake of the tillage crops which follow. Where there are no fences or water, it has been the policy to produce herbage seeds for sale, using the grass for silage or dried grass to be fed on the farm. Fertilisers, and particularly phosphates, have been used generously to help the establishment of the leys and get full growth afterwards. Seed rates have been kept at a low level; 14 or 15 lb. of grass seeds and clovers, mainly the leafy types bred at Aberystwyth, have been used. A seeding of 8 lb. of perennial ryegrass, S.23, and 1 lb. of white clover, S.100, to the acre has given excellent results. Major Morrison and his manager, Mr. G. W. N. Cotes, deserve congratulations on the appearance and productivity of the farms. It is indeed good to find a landowner farming so successfully on his own account and giving a lead to his neighbours.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

A SHAKESPEAREAN TRADITION

COLONEL FORDHAM FLOWER has instructed Messrs. Jackson Stobs and Staff to sell Shottery Manor, near Stratford-on-Avon. The Manor is world-famed, being traditionally the scene of the formal betrothal of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway. The word traditionally is advisedly used in this connection, for responsible investigators of Shakespearean matters have confidently asserted that it is no more than a tradition. Sir Bertram C. A. Windle in *Shakespeare's Country* says: "It is suggested by some that a form of contract, if not actually legal, at least binding in *foro conscientiae*, was entered into between these two at a date considerably prior to their actual marriage in church. It has been thought that this may have consisted in the ceremony of handfasting or solemn betrothal, which, as it formed a legal bar to any other marriage, was looked upon as a valid ceremony, though it was generally supplemented by the usual office in church. It has even been suggested that this ceremony may have taken place in the roof-room at Shottery Manor." Temple Grafton and Billesley are other villages which lay claim to the distinction of being the place of the marriage. Mr. Sidney Lee, dismissing the Temple Grafton claim, says, concerning a licence for the marriage of one, William Shaxpere, that "William Shakespeares abounded in the diocese of Worcester." Mr. Edgar I. Fripp, writing as a life trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace, has nothing to say in *Shakespeare's Stratford* of the Shottery Manor tradition. The present extent of the manor is between 4 and 5 acres.

CAVENHAM PARK, SUFFOLK, SOLD

CAVENHAM HALL and 2,627 acres, near Newmarket, have been privately sold by Mr. Norman J. Hodgkinson (Messrs. Bidwell and Sons) before the auction. General Sir Archibald Home's Suffolk seat was the subject of a long allusion in the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE on May 24.

Woodside, Esher, has been sold at Hanover Square for £20,000. Major C. Palmer paid £14,000 for the house and 10 acres; and 13 acres, at present used as a small golf course, were sold for £6,000 to a client of Messrs. Lofts and Warner.

Lilliput House and Ladywell, with a considerable acreage, are about to be submitted to auction by Messrs. Rumsey and Rumsey, at Bourne-mouth.

BERKHAMSTED PLACE

SIR GRANVILLE RAM, K.C., has requested Messrs. Hampton and Sons to dispose of Berkhamsted Place. The Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in Hertfordshire alludes to the house as follows: "Berkhamstead Place stands on a hill about a mile north of the Castle. It is an E-shaped building, the wings of two storeys with attics, and the walls are flint and stone with brick additions. It incorporates the remains of a courtyard house, built by Sir Edward Cary about 1580, and sold to Henry, Prince of Wales, for whom the building seems to have been altered in 1610. A fire in 1661-62 destroyed nearly two-thirds of the house, which was afterwards repaired by John Sayer, who held a lease of the house from the year 1662. The hall, built after the fire, occupies part of the old courtyard between the wings, and it has a brick front with an embattled parapet and a projecting porch with a four-centred arched door-

way. Below the drawing-room windows is a stone dated 1611. The north-west front, almost in its original state, is faced with flint and Tottenhoe stone in chequers 7 inches square. Two brick buttresses and two projecting octagonal brick chimneys were added in the seventeenth century. The interior has been considerably altered, but it retains a richly-carved oak fireplace, and another with plaster decoration of late 17th-century date, some panelled ceiling beams, and a plaster ceiling with moulded ribs, vine ornament and heads. The principal staircase has square newels, turned balusters and a moulded handrail, all seventeenth century."

This report was issued in 1910, and it should be added that the property has been well maintained by the vendor, whose family has held it for a long period.

ESTATES CHANGE HANDS

MYTON HALL, a fine Jacobean house, near York, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley in conjunction with Mr. Hugh H. Hughes, the managing agent. A lawsuit about "brick used in building of the new house at Myton" in 1636 fixes the date of Myton Hall. It has been in the ownership of the vendor's family for well over 300 years.

The Corporation of Windsor has purchased the mansion and land on the Thames known as The Willows.

Grove Hall and 3,890 acres, on the outskirts of Retford, producing about £3,650 a year, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Henry Spencer and Sons this summer. The former firm is offering Ullenwood, 587 acres, four miles from Cheltenham, on the Gloucester side, by order of Mrs. Wills Goldingham. Penoyre, the mansion and 800 acres, about two miles from Brecon, is another impending auction.

The late Sir Edwin Lutyens designed the Drum Inn, which, with the famous old Forge and other features, is part of the Cockington estate, Torquay. Messrs. Waycotts, with Messrs. Bernard Thorpe and Partners, are to sell the whole property shortly. Sir Edwin Lutyens was responsible for plans showing the proposed ultimate development of the land.

LORD ILLINGWORTH'S GROUSE MOORS SOLD

UPPER NIDDERDALE moors, Ramskill and Heathfield, of the late Lord Illingworth, have been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Hollis and Webb. They have averaged 1,166 brace each in the last 55 seasons.

Gargrave 637 acres, at Skipton, has been sold by Messrs. Jackson Stobs and Staff.

Messrs. George Trollope and Sons have sold Hoveton Hall Estate, Wroxham, Norfolk, in conjunction with Messrs. R. C. Knight and Co. The estate comprises a late-Georgian residence, and about 600 acres.

CEDARS AND SAPLINGS

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Inspecting a property recently, I was informed that a cedar in the grounds was over 500 years old. How is the age estimated, and if it is reasonably correct, is the tree without rival in antiquity in this country?"

The cedar of Lebanon was introduced into England as late as the seventeenth century, in all probability by Evelyn, the diarist, who in his *Sylva* says that he obtained seeds from Mount Libanus. Two hundred and eighty years should be the outside limit for the age of a cedar of Lebanon in this country.

ARBITER.

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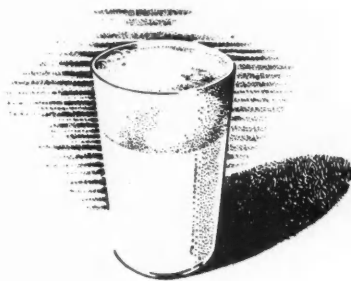
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WEEK-ENDING



Corduroy shorts in deep blue with a striped cotton shirt. Lillywhites

(Right) The new-length dancing rock—a black georgette skirt and a flesh pink lace blouse. Spectator

THE designers have let themselves go on play suits, sun suits, swim suits, summer sports and clothes for just lounging in the garden, and the shops begin to look like peace. Cottons and linens have joined the rayons and woollens, bringing great variety. Colours are intense and there is lots of chalk-white. The shorts, shirts, slacks, dungarees are workmanlike, and then worn with flamboyant accessories—sulphur-yellow linen sandals with three-inch-deep soles studded with gold, Fair Isle fisherman's tasselled caps, immense and gaudy plastic bags, thick ribbed sweaters, studded and buckled belts, cotton sombreros. One of the most original outfits for the beach was shown in the Selincourt collection at the Dorchester. The ankle-length gored beach coat was white linen, and linen braid, yellow, red, blue, green, was sewn on making horizontal stripes. The coat buttoned over a sunsuit striped in the same way.

Play suits in pure heavy linen, wool and rayon suiting, cotton "duck," jersey, pique, flannel, are styled with apron tops attached to tailored shorts. Shorts are smartest when they are short as a boy's, white, navy or flannel grey, and belted like a workman's or a cowboy's. Shirts are plain, open at the neck, white with white shorts, striped or plaid cotton with dark shorts. Slacks need to be impeccably tailored, dead plain. Cotton dresses look frivolous and youthful with ruffles at the neckline and skirts which are flounced at the hemlines and gored to

(Right) Shorts and shirt in rayon suiting from a selection of sportswear at Harrods, for personal shoppers only. Workman's belt and circular satchel in linen punched in gold metal. Elizabeth Arden

PHOTOGRAPHS:
ANTHONY BUCKLEY



a neat waist, or have a wide godet inlet at the back, or fulness drawn to a narrow panel either side in front with a posy of flowers on top. They are in the "pretty" range of colours—sweet-pea pink, sky blue, lilac, and often have a low "evening dress" décolletage.

The Selincourt collection was the first big show of non-austerity clothes in London, and the first one when the glamorous silks and fabulous furs were announced as being for the home market. A black dinner dress in the sleekest of rayon jersey, with long tight sleeves, deep armholes, low heart-shaped décolletage in front and an intricately looped and gathered skirt that gives the effect of a hobble, is one of the first pointers for winter fashions. It was an elegant frock, easy to wear, marvelous for packing. The evening dresses showed several trends. There was one reminiscent of a Romney with puffed, frilled elbow sleeves, a low square front décolletage and wide gathered

skirt in flowered organza. Another had a black folded bodice in georgette, a deep V décolleté back and front, and a full gored skirt of white and black flowered poul. A black faille dance dress with wide gored skirt had stiffened epaulettes projecting right over wide puffed sleeves of white eyelet embroidery; a short black faille dance frock, that is with the skirt mid-way between knee and ankle, was made over a crisp white petticoat with a frill of eyelet embroidery peeping below the black skirt. An exquisite dark mink coat, collarless and with the skins dove-

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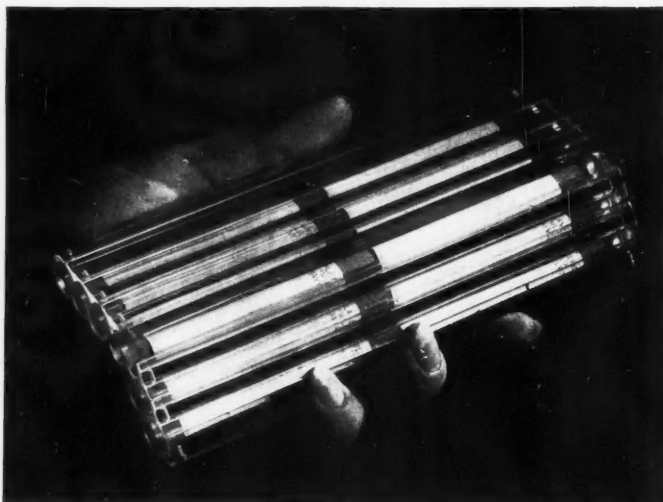
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LNP 126.

tailed to a sun-ray at the back had melon-shaped sleeves, worked horizontally, that could be adjusted to three-quarter or full-length. The skins were perfectly matched and stranded; the coat was perfection.

TRAVEL and country coats were full skirted, either belted to the trim waist, or hanging cape-like from the shoulder. An oatmeal tweed with deep armholes, straight and collarless, had fluffy bands of lynx facing both fronts. This was one of the few models that cannot be made for this country, as the £20 ceiling price for coats obviously precludes luxurious fur trimmings. It was shown in an attractive self key-pattern design, intricate and unassuming. A series of neat Ascot ensembles in dark crêpes received a lot of applause. Peg-top skirts looked new; so did the cascading drapery on tight skirts, both short and long.

The newest-looking clothes in the second big collection, where twenty wholesale houses combined, were again the tight day skirts with either a cascade of drapery at one side or gauged into a hobble effect in front. These were soot black, sleek silks, though, on the whole, very bright colours were the rule. Gorgeous silks by Waterhouse, Qualitex Silks, Celanese, Courtaulds, brought terrific impetus to the evening dresses, notably a lustrous tea-rose satin powdered with gold sequins on the broché roses; a rich satin profusely flowered in puce, violet and green with butterflies of sequins, fine chiffons used in conjunction with wool heavy georgettes and romaines. One of the prettiest day suits of the season was the Dellbury, the neatest of black suitings, with a nipped waist and fluted basque, the jacket attached to a black velvet waistcoat fastening with sparkling strass buttons. A Seton Cotterill coat was shown with a matching suit in a wonderful black and grey suiting, a broadly striped material, the long coat neat as a new pin, the suit with



Tubular cigarette case in plastic with hinges between each section.
Harvey Nichols.

the grey stripes massed in front and pleats and godets in front of the skirt. Harella showed the becoming long moulded jacket with rounded fronts. The Regency influence was very marked; so was the swallow-tail back. Top-coats were full-skirted, gored, box-pleated, roll-pleated or full and swagger. Day colours were honey beige, tobacco brown, oatmeal, cherry, scarlet, cerulean blue. A cactus green, the shade Mr. Coleman calls sulphur green, was starred for afternoons.

Fur-trimmed coats were for the export market, and there seemed to be no rule, the fur being used on top as shawl collars, or to face the fronts below the waist. Persian lamb made whole sleeves or was encrusted in radiating sections on the bodice. On suit jackets, flat fur was inlet on yokes which carried on over the tops of the sleeves or made arabesques on the fronts.

Authentic Scotch tartans have been styled for the autumn by Percy Trilnick for gay day dresses. Some are tight and draped, others kilted or sun-ray pleated. Dress Stewart made a high-necked jumper with bracelet-length sleeves, Royal Stewart the dirndl skirt—the contrast of the white top with the dazzling scarlet being most effective. Hunting Menzies tartan was used for another dress with a swing skirt and a triangular fringed shawl tied round the square yoked top. Hamilton tartan made a skirt that was as full of sun-ray pleats as it could be and particularly graceful in movement.

Yet another showing in a crowded week was held at the International Wool Secretariat, where gossamer woollens, from a dozen or more houses, plain and printed, were shown made up as frocks, lingerie, house coats. Nightgowns showed the Victorian influence with their yokes and tiny frills. Housecoats were glamorous enough for a film star, banded in velvet and brocade, cut on long sweeping lines. P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



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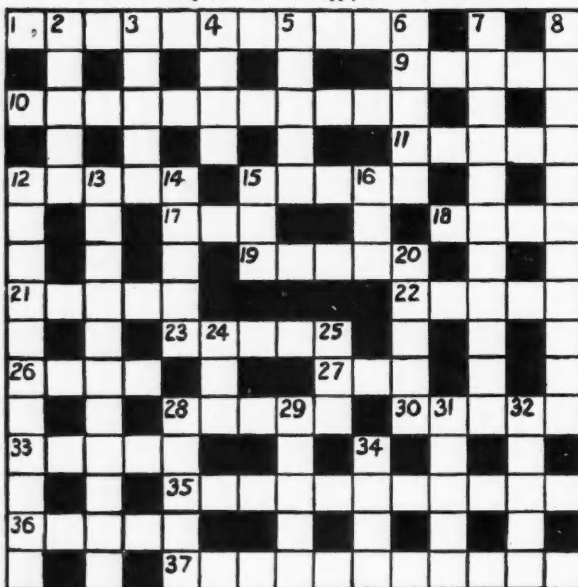
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CROSSWORD No. 856

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 856, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, June 27, 1946.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)
Address

SOLUTION TO No. 855. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 14, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 5, Austrian Empire; 9 and 10, Man of the moment; 11, Drifters; 13, Almain; 14, Eat; 16, Anneal; 19, Inboard; 20, Anoint; 21, Wag; 26, Sedate; 27, Recreate; 28 and 29, Church militant; 30 and 31, School mistress. DOWN.—1, Armada; 2, Sunlit; 3, Refute; 4, Ashore; 6, Moorland; 7, Iterates; 8, Entangle; 12, Samovar; 15, Ant; 16, Art; 17, Hassocks; 18, Gold rush; 19, In stucco; 22, Gemini; 23, Aroint; 24, Parade; 25, Heaths.

ACROSS

1. Act on a claim (anagr.) (11)
9. Call up (5)
10. Way in which Highlanders decide their fate together? (11)
11. The same can be said in old Italian (5)
12. St. Vincent and Trafalgar (5)
15. How much paper? (5)
17. "O sylvan —, thou wanderer through the woods."—Wordsworth (3)
18. Find fault with the fish (4)
19. Swears over the stitches? (5)
21. "Of which all Europe — from side to side."—Milton (5)
22. One bird from another one (5)
23. Demonstration of acceleration (5)
26. Not an exhortation to the pack to lean over (4)
27. The Warwickshire weed (3)
28. Instrument which has sharp points when reversed (5)
30. Mops (5)
33. A rare kind of house nowadays (5)
35. Yes, but must I be left? (5, 3, 3)
36. A thin paper (5)
37. Valley of cheeses (11)

DOWN

2. Shakespearian brunette (5)
3. The Knight has lost a lot but not his weapon (5)
4. Transatlantic introduction (4)
5. 1/10th (5)
6. See 28 down (5)
7. The Union (5, 6)
8. "Come, Spenser!" (anagr.) (11)
12. Not always hymns (6, 5)
13. Does she make herself up before a flutter? (7, 4)
14. A nation confused about the points of the compass? (5)
- 15 and 16. Indian or communist? (6)
20. Not genuine in South Devon alone (5)
- 24 and 25. Not the same as jarred (6)
28. What the best of berries 6 down (5)
29. Charred remains of trees (5)
31. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I' —" —Shakespeare (5)
32. A gem of a girl (5)
34. It was on the rim of the Mediterranean (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 854 is

Mr. G. C. Wilson,
Greenhayes,
Hambledon,
Portsmouth,
Hampshire.

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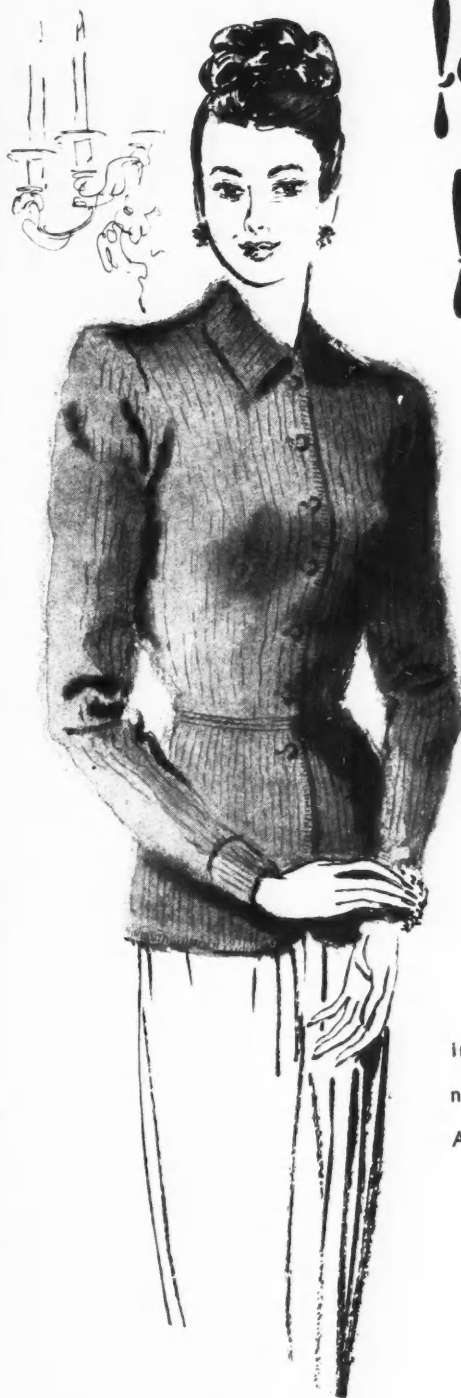
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